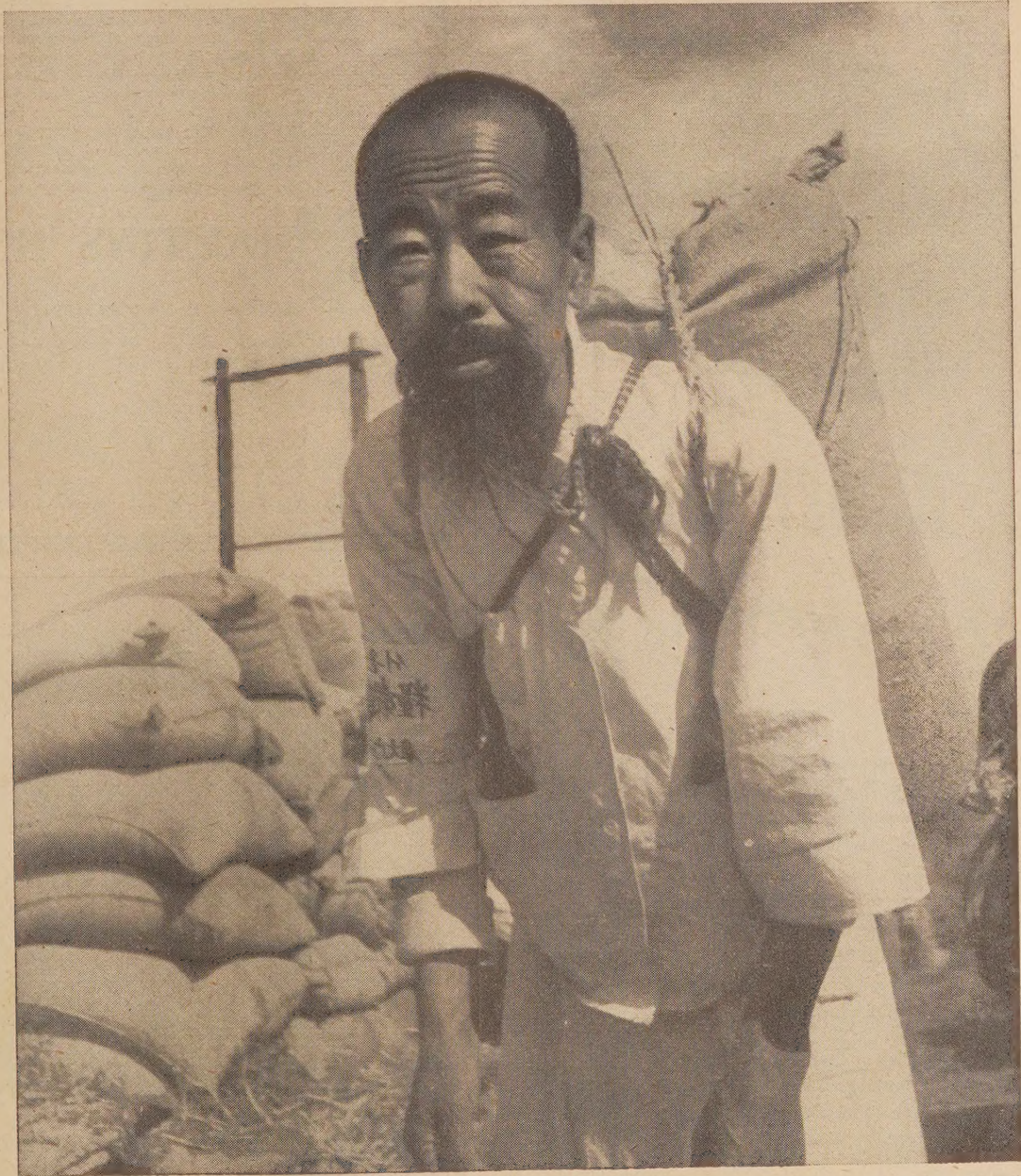


The Listener

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A Korean carrying his family's ration of rice from a distribution centre in 'Seoul (see 'The Tragedy of Korea', page 529)

In this number:

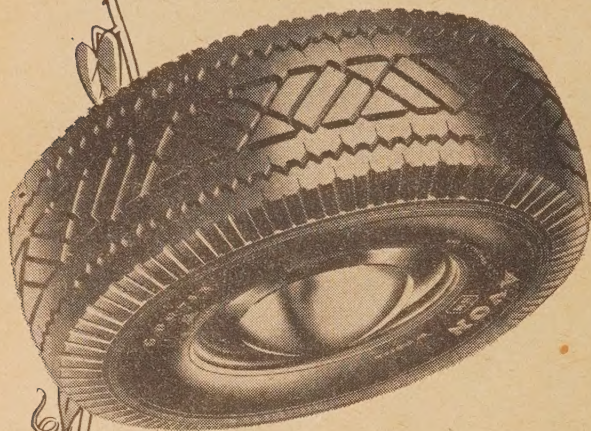
Human Rights and Social Necessity (Leonard Constantine)

A People's University (Sir Charles Morris)

Huck and Oliver (W. H. Auden)



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Again my mind goes back twenty years. For it was almost exactly twenty years ago that Hitler walked out of the League of Nations and we lost the last chance of keeping some control over German armaments. Will the same sort of thing happen again? However little we may like it, the German Federal Republic, backed by the United States, is clearly again becoming the major power in western Europe. But Dr. Adenauer is an enthusiastic supporter of

the European Defence Community, with its plan for an army consisting of small national contingents serving under senior officers of other nationalities. Will France now ratify this European Defence Community, invented by Frenchmen in the first place? Probably not until we, the British, counterbalance German membership by associating ourselves much more closely with it than we have done in the past. So, as a result of the German elections, the British Government is compelled to reconsider its policy towards Europe, once so comfortably remote and now within such easy rocket range of our shores.

Let me turn to the Far East. The League of Nations was disintegrating twenty years ago because it had done nothing to stop the Japanese attack on Manchuria. The United Nations, on the other hand, acted at once to stop the attack on south Korea. If you feel depressed about the outcome, it is worth picturing to yourself what the situation would be today if it had not so acted. I believe that, if the United Nations had suffered the humiliation of seeing its troops pushed off the Korean peninsula, the whole of the Far East and south-east Asia would now be under Communist control—Burma, Siam, Indo-China, and Malaya to begin with.

As for the future, may I remind you how quickly circumstances change? Only six years ago, General MacArthur was proudly telling me in Tokyo that he had imposed upon the Japanese a constitution forbidding them ever to have an army. And in this morning's newspapers* I read that the Japanese, under American pressure, have agreed to start building up an army all over again. I cannot pretend that this particular item fills me with joy, but it does suggest to me that feelings change pretty quickly, and that even Dr. Syngman Rhee's warlike propensities may not survive a few months of peace and reconstruction. And on the north Korean side, the Russians have also promised money and help to rebuild that terribly devastated country. I do not think that particular war will start again.

The Problem of Egypt

Lastly, something about Egypt. I doubt whether we are quite so near an agreement as the newspapers suggested over the weekend. The problem is complicated by the fact that both sides are right. The British are right to claim that the Egyptians should not have denounced the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty before it expires in 1956, and also that our troops are in Egypt, not for any selfish reason but because the defence of western civilisation may depend on the ability to defend Egypt, which provides the link both by water between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, and by land between Asia and Africa. But also the Egyptians are right to claim that there are now roughly ten times as many British troops in Egypt as were foreseen by that treaty, and that their national pride is hurt by the presence of foreign troops on their territory—even though they be only in the blazing desert of the Canal Zone.

Fortunately, strong arguments are pushing each side towards agreement. I imagine General Neguib is deeply and genuinely anxious to give his countrymen a new deal. But he cannot raise their standard of living if he is also engaged in a costly quarrel with such valuable customers as the British. So he would like a settlement. But twenty years ago Nahas Pasha, the leader of the Wafd Party, was claiming to be the saviour of his country, and since then he and other politicians have blamed the British because the country does not seem to be saved. In such circumstances, only a very brave man could sign an agreement with us. An indication that Neguib means business is that he has recently put under arrest Nahas and other politicians who have made a particular and profitable habit of anti-British propaganda. Putting people into prison is not a form of politics one encourages, but in the present case it may be the necessary prelude to an agreement.

On our side, three facts are increasingly clear. One is that if Neguib were overthrown he would probably be followed by a series of petty dictators far less attractive to us or to the Egyptian people. Secondly, it is extremely costly to run the Canal Zone base if there is a kind of guerrilla warfare going on between the Egyptians

and ourselves. Thirdly, the treaty anyhow expires in three years' time, and Egypt would have a pretty good case to bring before the United Nations if, after that time, we were still in occupation of part of her territory without her consent.

Nationalism is a particularly contagious and dangerous disease, and the countries of the Middle East have caught it pretty badly. In consequence, our relations with them have become increasingly difficult. But if we can now reach an agreement with Egypt, and a little later on with Persia, the chance of world peace will be immensely improved.—*Home Service*

'Unlike so many other distinguished men, in science, literature and statesmanship, [saints] remain ever contemporary in that they reveal the everlasting source of happiness, the secret of how to turn the common into what is perfect and unique'. The quotation is from the introductory note by Philip Caraman, S.J., to a book he has edited under the title *Saints and Ourselves* (Hollis and Carter, 10s. 6d.). The book contains personal studies of saints by a number of authors; contributors include Evelyn Waugh on St. Helena Empress; Harman Grisewood on St. Gregory of Tours; Edward Sackville-West on The Venerable Mary of the Incarnation; and J. B. Morton on St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews of the following books:

- Sigmund Freud: *Life and Work*. By Ernest Jones
Reviewed by W. H. Auden
- Humanities. By Desmond MacCarthy
Reviewed by Rose Macaulay
- W. B. Yeats and T. Sturge Moore: *Their Correspondence 1901-1937*. Edited by Ursula Bridge
Reviewed by Stephen Spender
- Douglas Fairbanks: *the Fourth Musketeer*. By Ralph Hancock and Letitia Fairbanks
Reviewed by Sewell Stokes
- Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy. Edited by Jane Degras
Reviewed by I. Deutscher
- Hanged—but Innocent? By R. T. Paget, Q.C., M.P., and S. S. Silverman, M.P.
Reviewed by A. L. Goodhart
- Window on China. By Raja Hutheesing
- Report on Mau's China. By Frank Moraes
Reviewed by William Empson
- Private Dining Room. By Ogden Nash
Reviewed by William Plomer
- Encounter I. Edited by Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol
Reviewed by A. J. P. Taylor
- Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure'. Edited by Mary Lancelles
Reviewed by John Crow
- Rum Jungle. By Alan Moorehead
Reviewed by Colin Clark
- The Sikhs. By Khushwant Singh
Reviewed by Ian Stephens
- A Narrative of My Personal Adventures. Vol. I (1790-1802). By Sir William Dillon. Edited by Michael Lewis
Reviewed by Oliver Warner

and reviews of other new books

The Tragedy of Korea

By LEWIS WADDILOVE

A FEW days ago I received a letter from a Korean friend. At the bottom it bore a little printed stamp: 'From Chosen—the Land of the Morning Calm'. That is the name by which the Koreans have known their country for more than 2,000 years. A mountain range runs down the east coast, thrusting out spurs towards the south and east between which lie Korea's rich rice fields, producing some of the finest rice in the world. Along these rice-growing valleys are the villages in which live 15,000,000 of the 21,000,000 people who now inhabit south Korea. Their houses are built of pressed earth or mud brick, thatched with straw from the rice fields. I noticed that the chimney came out at ground level just outside the wall. This is because the smoke and heat from the fire pass along shallow channels under stone slabs sealed with clay, giving the traditional Korean hot floor.

Social life revolves round the family. The children spend their early days contentedly secured to their mothers' backs or tied to an older brother or sister. I shall never forget the astonishment of a Korean friend who was in London for the first time and saw little children on leather reins. 'Why', he asked, 'don't their mothers pick them up? We should only treat an animal in that way'.

Of the 21,000,000 people in south Korea, one in every three has been driven from home as a refugee on the roads. Twice the Juggernaut of modern war has rolled over almost the entire country; Seoul, the capital, and the country to the north and south of it, have been fought over four times. More than 500,000 homes have been destroyed in the bombing and shelling. And so everywhere there are refugees. I have crept into the kilns of destroyed brickworks outside the capital and found them packed with women and children in almost total darkness, finding warmth and shelter like animals in a burrow. At a port on the west coast I found partly destroyed warehouses where the floor space was divided into little squares, in each of which a mother was trying to care for her family. And along the sea shore were hundreds of shacks made from straw or mud or flattened out beer cans—anything which would give shelter from the rain and cold. Always they were women, with children, often asking pathetically how they could find out the fate of their husbands. And these conditions have continued now for nearly two years.

It is little wonder that day by day

children are abandoned to swell the numbers of so-called orphans. Between 60,000 and 80,000 children—some believe the number will prove to be higher—are separated from their parents or left as orphans, nobody can say which. Perhaps about half this number are living in orphanages in improvised buildings, religious shrines, or wherever shelter can be found. I have visited at least thirty of the 300 orphanages known to have been started since the war. They are sad places. In Korea there is no understanding of child welfare as we know it here. The three names by which every Korean is known show at once the family

to which he belongs and his position in that family, and with it the responsibilities he has to others and they have to him. So to be cut off from the family group is to lose the one source of help and security which the Korean traditional system provides, and the orphanages are filled with pathetic little children, many of whom are maimed or suffering from disfiguring nutritional diseases, who show only suspicion and fear at the approach of a stranger.

It was different in one orphanage which was run by a Korean woman who had been trained in the care of what we now call deprived children. One little chap had lost both legs in some explosion, but he made his way with shouts of excitement almost as fast as the others to the door, filled with the natural

curiosity of a child to see who the visitors were. These children had been made to feel that there was someone who cared about them and could make them feel secure. It is the collapse of the traditional system—the system of family responsibility—under the pressure of war which is going to present the gravest social problem in rehabilitating Korea. In spite of their desperate need for food and medical care, nothing is more important than trained help to fill the gap left by the breakdown of this traditional family responsibility.

I found the same kind of problem in the hospitals run by the Korean local authorities. The physical conditions were bad enough. All equipment that could be moved or destroyed was gone. Patients were lying on the floor covered only by the blankets provided by relief organisations. Children's wards were crowded with little mites suffering from near-starvation, and older children injured when wandering in search of food near military installations or on railway tracks. Yet again, it was the collapse of traditional methods of care that brought the greatest suffering. There has



A Korean family salvaging bricks to rebuild their wrecked home. Below: children found in the ruins of Seoul being put into a truck by a welfare officer of the United Nations, so that they may be taken to an orphanage



never been hospital feeding or nursing in Korea in the sense in which we know it. Food was provided by the family, whose members did most of the nursing until the patient could return home. This system is centuries old and cannot be replaced in a matter of months in a totally disrupted country. Now many patients have no family, so that it was possible to find a children's ward with forty or more children dependent on some person from outside to push a little bowl of rice against each little cheek. The Koreans realise that a new system and a new tradition must be built; yet the only medical college which used to provide training for doctors and nurses on western lines is now a mass of ruins in the capital city.

These are a few examples among scores that I saw of the way the war has affected individual families and children in Korea. But there is also the material loss. Behind this personal suffering lies the almost total destruction of the means whereby Korea lived. Unless these can be rebuilt there can be little hope for the refugees in the brick kilns or the frightened children in hundreds of orphanages and hospitals. Farm implements, the boats and equipment of the fishing industry, factories and industrial equipment have everywhere been destroyed. This material loss has had worse than purely material consequences. It has destroyed the value of the currency, so that honesty itself brings privation and this has led to a weakening of the nation's moral standards. The nation's whole life must be rebuilt if peace is to be more than a hollow mockery in Korea.

There was indeed a grave economic problem there before the conflict began in 1950. Since 1910 the Japanese occupied the country and directed its economy for their own purposes. The standard of living—once the highest in the Far East—has progressively declined. After the Japanese surrender in 1945 a new blow was given to Korea's hopes of revival. The thirty-eighth parallel, used as a convenient dividing line for the surrender of the Japanese troops to the Russian and American armies, soon hardened into a new and impassable frontier. Beyond this frontier, in the north, is centred ninety per cent. of the country's hydro-electric power. This was at once cut off from the south, which moreover lost the greater part of its industrial development; and it has now to support nearly three-quarters of the total population.

Now that the fighting has ended, the task of reshaping Korea's economy must begin again; but it will be an even longer task, because three years of war have immensely damaged agriculture, housing and industry. Almost everything required for this unprecedented task of rebuilding a nation's life must come from outside. But Korea has two precious assets; its natural resources, as yet little developed, and its people.

We think of Korea mainly as an agricultural country. Experts have no doubt that, once its agriculture is restored, Korea will be able to feed its population. But apart from food production, Korea also has a rich mineral wealth which was the basis of a growing industry. Its metals include gold, copper, aluminium, tungsten, and graphite.

The coal deposits produce a powdery anthracite which the Koreans mix with mud for fuel but which can be the basis of a good quality briquette like some of the patent fuels we use at home. On the east coast stood large chemical and cement factories, more than sufficient to supply the needs of Korea. There was a thriving textile industry producing cotton cloth, silk, and rayon adequate for home demands and for a small export trade. It is little wonder that the Koreans believe passionately that if their country were developed for the benefit of its people it could provide them with a good standard of life and make possible a new Korean golden age.

Korea's second great asset is its people. You might imagine from the recent story of Korea that they were dismayed and without hope. But they see the present tragedy as giving them the chance to build their country as they want it, and to use its resources at last to serve their own people. I found their courage and enthusiasm deeply moving.

It is clear in travelling through Korea that there are two parts to the work of reconstruction. The first is the relief of immediate suffering, which has been, and still is, the duty of a military organisation known as the Korea Civil Assistance Command, or 'Kaycack'. Its officers work with the Korean authorities to relieve hunger and to keep disease in check. Hundreds of thousands of lives have been saved by its vast relief programme, which has been maintained with efficiency and devotion for over two years. The need for relief today remains as great as ever and will only be reduced as the second part of the work of rebuilding Korea is undertaken—the more difficult and costly task of replacing the nation's capital equipment so that its people may work and live. A civil organisation, the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency, or 'Unkra', has been given this enormous task.

Some relief work has of course contributed to the task of reconstruction. For example, the voluntary organisations were doing the kind of work even then which had a value far beyond immediate relief. They cannot contribute on any significant scale to the cost of rebuilding Korea, but what they do is to provide skilled people willing to work alongside the Koreans, helping them to rebuild their traditional institutions and to adapt them to the new conditions of post-war Korea. Every project which is planned by a voluntary organisation is discussed with the Korean Ministries of Health and Social Affairs. Everywhere the emphasis is on training so that work begun by others will most easily be continued and developed by the Koreans themselves. More than one member of the Korean administration has said to me: 'We have had so much done *for* us; what we most need is the help of people who will work *with* us to do the things *we* want for our country'. I found it heartening to see the mutual respect and confidence which has been built up between the Koreans and these trained workers.

And so the rebuilding of Korea is a mixed story of deep tragedy and great hope. First there must be peace; that is the task of the political conference for which preparations are now being made. But, given peace, the story of a tragedy as great as any we have known might become the beginning of a new era for the Korean people.—*Home Service*

Human Rights and Social Necessity

By LEONARD CONSTANTINE

DURING the war I often saw Chinese soldiers along the Burma road suffering agonies from malaria while it was common knowledge that warehouses were crammed with quinine owned by Chinese banks, because it was so much more valuable than worthless paper money. Every motive of decency said the quinine should be used to save human life, but expediency said the soldiers were expendable and replaceable, and the quinine represented solid wealth which must not be wasted on them. Here in an acute form was a problem which is always with us—the tension between what is expedient and what is morally right.

There have been several documents published recently which underline this tension. There is a report on forced labour, published by the United Nations and the International Labour Organisation. It is about as unbiased and exhaustive a report as anything can be, and it confirms the fact that over a large part of the world forced labour is used for political and economic purposes. The chief offenders are the com-

munist countries, but the report shows also that some forms of compulsory labour exist in Belgian and Portuguese colonial territories, that the discriminatory laws against the native population of South Africa create another system of forced labour, and that regulations exist in Malaya and Kenya, which could, if enforced, lead to the same thing. Some of these laws are for political purposes—they are directed against people of a particular class or who have certain political ideas. Others are used for economic purposes to produce useful goods as quickly and cheaply as possible. But wherever men are forced into a certain kind of work, whether as a process of political re-education or because they are considered merely as economic tools, there is an infringement of their moral rights as individuals. As the report says, these laws 'seriously threaten fundamental human rights and jeopardise the freedom and status of workers'.

There is another report which brings out a different aspect of the same problem. The recent volumes in the series of official histories of

the war, dealing with medical research, point out that, when food was short, the government had to determine which groups of people should have the better chance of survival. It was made a matter of principle that invalids with better prospects of recovery, or those who required special rations to enable them to contribute to the war effort, should have preference over those unlikely to recover. Again, publication of research work on penicillin was restricted so as to prevent the enemy's using it for his own wounded. Whatever justification there may be in terms of expediency for all this, these actions were in some sense a denial of human rights and—though it may seem extreme to say so—they are in my view examples, though apparently innocuous examples, of the same principle which Hitler was working on when he exterminated the unfit, the aged, and the useless by driving them into gas chambers. Such actions set up distinctions in human rights between one individual and another. In practice all governments find it expedient from time to time to impose limitations on those rights. It is true of all countries that, in George Orwell's phrase, 'All men are equal, but some are more equal than others'.

The Tempting Doctrine of Expediency

Expediency has always been a tempting doctrine but never as much as today, when world economic problems are so large and so difficult. It is usually defended on two grounds. One is that it affects only a few and is only a temporary measure. The other is that if the end is good it justifies any means to reach it. What I want to do now is to test the strength of these defences.

To take the first—that it affects a few people and is only temporary: in communist terms this means that only a few reactionaries will suffer and that when they are eliminated the way will be clear for Utopia. In western terms we hear that civil liberties will have to be curtailed only so long as there is danger to the state; that in a time of unrest colonial territories have to be pacified and there is no time to distinguish between innocent and guilty; that men of a different colour must work in mines at low pay because cheap and plentiful labour is essential for the production of minerals; that we should hesitate to export drugs which are needed by a civilian population—as in China—in case they might be used to heal their soldiers in Korea. But the danger in all this is that when one group of people lose their rights, everyone's rights are imperilled. The new Chinese constitution guarantees all the rights that anyone could want: but there is a saving clause which says 'Except for those who are reactionaries'. The Chinese say that these are so few as to be negligible. But, once the exception is allowed, everyone is in danger—for anyone can be called a reactionary in Communist China just as anyone can be called a communist somewhere else. This saving clause makes it possible for an individual or a group of people in power to define their opponents as dangerous and then deprive them of their fundamental rights.

Then there is the second argument, that the end justifies the means. The answer to this, I think, is that your ends are bound to be affected by the means you use. We see this exemplified most sharply in communist countries because communism overthrows conventional standards of morality. It would be wrong to say that the people of these countries have no moral standards—they are often very high—but their only permanent principle is that whatever advances the cause of revolution is right. This means that morality changes as the demands of the revolution change. For instance, I remember my Chinese students assuring me that the new government had no intention of using force against those who were not sympathetic to it. Nevertheless, in a few months thousands were being killed in mass executions. But we, too, accept too easily the proposition that anything that advances the cause of democracy or general welfare is right. And there have been occasions when the west, though it granted freedom of speech to the communist, made it impossible for him to find a job and so defeated the very end for which we were working—individual freedom.

One reason why the end is affected by the means that are used—that is, one reason why expediency works against the very thing for which it is expedient—is because it affects those who use it as well as those who suffer from it. If the morality of those who employ expediency is blunted by it, they cannot achieve good ends. By following a policy of expediency which requires mass executions, what begins as a fight for social justice and freedom may turn into tyranny and the suppression of the individual. Expediency is too often the first step on the road to force, for force is the quickest way of reaching your goal. And we have seen in our own day the new and unpleasant types who were created by expediency: the gaoler of a concentration camp, the boss of

a forced labour gang, the tyrannical official, the snooper after unorthodox opinions.

This is the greatest danger of expediency, and it is liable to arise if we conceive of world problems solely in political and economic terms—whether of strategic necessity, of the advantages to be derived from colonies, of increased production, even in terms of physical welfare. Collective farming may, for all I know, be more efficient than individual farming. I should certainly think it is in China where farming methods were so primitive. But if it can be achieved only by forcing peasants into it against their wills it has lost sight of the eventual goal which it was pursuing—the freedom and happiness of men achieved through a campaign of social welfare—for it has started by depriving men of a fundamental freedom. In the same way, however convenient it is to recruit a cheap labour force by using discriminatory laws to produce food or goods, it is a betrayal of the final goal because these laws deny men equality of opportunity.

But I doubt if expediency can be justified even as a short-term measure, because it always recoils on those who use it. The scheming of Richelieu, the ruthlessness of Napoleon, and the statecraft of Bismarck brought ultimate retribution to their countries. As Cavour said: 'If we did for ourselves what we do for our country, what rascals we should be'. The attempt to overthrow communism by using communism's own ruthless methods—the allied intervention against Russia after the first world war, the Kuomintang policy of suppression in China—have not been conspicuously successful. It makes one feel that if we here are using strong measures to maintain security in colonial territories, we need to scrutinise carefully any action which offends the moral sense which may rob men of their fundamental rights, like a policy of collective punishment, for instance.

It is difficult to keep a clear mind on this subject. All social change, even for the good, creates suffering for some people. It is a strong argument that if a group of people obstruct the development of others it is better that their freedom should be restricted so that the majority may benefit. In the struggle for the Factory Acts, factory owners had to be deprived of their right to do what they liked; when Edmund Burke was moved to sympathy for the sufferings inflicted on the nobility in the French Revolution, he earned Tom Paine's rebuke 'He pities the plumage but forgets the dying bird'. We shall never be able to achieve absolute justice in any situation because moral principles may have absolute value, but they have to be applied in concrete situations so we can only approximately achieve our moral ends.

What is the guiding principle to hold to? I think it is this: that there are considerations deeper than political or economic considerations and which are concerned with the end and not with means—and the end is man himself. The individual must not be sacrificed to any man-made conception, whether it is democracy, free enterprise, or communism. There are limits beyond which no government or party may go, for man has the right to live his own life and think his own thoughts. We do recognise this when, in time of war, men are allowed the right to be conscientious objectors.

Need for New Techniques

But to say this is not to solve the problem: on the contrary, this very belief itself is responsible for grave social and economic difficulties. I first arrived in China at the time of the great floods on the Yangtse river. Thousands of people were rescued from drowning and herded into refugee camps. Yet many of those who were saved were destined to die of disease or starvation because their lands and homes were ruined. Should they have been allowed to drown? Infant mortality and death from inter-tribal warfare and slavery have decreased so much since we brought our ideas to the east and to Africa, that the lands can no longer support them. Totalitarian countries, by using compulsion and the methods of expediency, can carry out great schemes of reconstruction, increase production, and unite everyone in a common task: it is easier for them to deal with problems like this. Our beliefs debar us from using totalitarian methods, yet at the same time they increase the problems. We have got to find completely new techniques of solving them. Can we do it by voluntary methods? Or by some new method of co-operation which we have not yet worked out? We know only that we cannot do anything so difficult unless we recognise that the values we believe in are so sacred that they are worth any sacrifice and the greatest scientific and organisational effort. But if we are not to fall into the methods of expediency we have somehow to learn to express in political and economic life the great truth that we are members one of another.—*Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Those Were the Days

DOG must not bite dog, they tell us; but, just occasionally, it is permissible for one dog to give another dog a pat on the head. So we may venture to extend to our senior colleague, *Radio Times*, our good wishes on the occasion of its thirtieth birthday. To vary the simile, we are no chicken ourselves; for next January we plan to celebrate our twenty-fifth birthday. One could read in last week's *Radio Times* an article by Leonard Crocombe, who was its first editor, about how it was started.

The B.B.C. and Newnes [the publisher] had been engaged in negotiations concerning the journal, which I had suggested to my managing director, Lord Riddell, before I left England [on holiday]; why they had not wired for me to return earlier I never discovered. Could I produce the first number in a week—in addition to editing my other periodical?

He could, and he did. He had, however, 'very little idea of what I was going to put in the new magazine . . . There was no time to work out an original "make up"'; but the editor did not omit to ring up Mr.—now Lord—Reith on Press Day to tell him that he was obliged to cut a 'few feet' out of the programmes. Those were the days, before the British Broadcasting Company had become the Corporation, the days of the cat's whisker, of happy accidents, of the inspired amateur.

Of course, that was not the proper way to do things at all. In planning a new paper elaborate 'dummies' ought to be prepared, distinguished writers cottoned, messages collected, and approvals obtained. Nevertheless one cannot but reflect that there is a strong argument for the view that if one once has a bright idea, it should be pushed on with quickly and the consequences damned. Planning has its limitations and so have rehearsals. Often plays are produced in which much money has been invested, several celebrated actors engaged, and with many 'doctors' employed on the book. And yet when the first night comes something is missing—and what is missing is inspiration. On the other hand, a play which has inspiration or just one great actor in it, may prove, however disappointing the rehearsals have appeared, to be 'all right on the night'.

Nevertheless, one must not drive this conclusion to the point of absurdity so that one finds oneself saying that anybody, provided he has a bright idea, can do anything well. It is reasonable for the complete novice, who takes up, say, painting, or writing poetry, or golf or sailing, to accept G. K. Chesterton's adage that 'if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly'. But a professional task usually needs a professional. In the case of *Radio Times* its first editor had his job at his finger tips; actors who write successful first plays have usually mastered their craft with sweat and blood; authors of good first books have their drawers stuffed with abandoned manuscripts; sportsmen of genius have practised for hours in their own backyard. Little that is remarkable in life is achieved without plenty of hard work, though the hard work may be done in secret. When middle age is reached, how often men and women look back romantically to the youthful ardour of their first enterprises, and imagine they were care-free and simple to undertake when they were certainly not. Most enterprises, one supposes, require youthful inspiration, middle-age consolidation, and then renewal and rebirth. And frequently the time of consolidation seems weary and even dull. But perhaps the most important thing is to be sure that what was started was worth starting, lest one should recall the saying of Goethe 'beware of what you wish for in your youth, for you will obtain it in your middle age'.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the U.N. General Assembly

THE DISCUSSIONS in the U.N. General Assembly were the main topic in commentaries last week. On September 25 *The New York Times* was quoted for the following comment:

The usefulness of the United Nations as a forum for discussion of international problems is illustrated again in the present debate in the General Assembly. It is apparent that there is a rapid restoration of free world solidarity, recently impaired by the dispute over Indian participation in the Korean conference. Despite some disquieting voices abroad, one free nation after another announces full acceptance of the Assembly's decision on the composition of that conference. . . . The debate also revealed a return to a free world solidarity on the larger issues, including resistance to aggression, unification of Germany and Korea, restoration of Austrian independence, and the methods to achieve these ends. Speaking in the Assembly yesterday for Britain, Mr. Lloyd flatly declared that if new aggression occurs, the United Nations must be prepared to take action against the aggressor. . . . Furthermore, in keeping with the policy of piecemeal solutions for individual problems advocated by Sir Winston Churchill and long favoured by the United States, Mr. Lloyd called on the Soviets to agree to the proposed Lugano conference on Germany.

The New York Times added that there was reason to believe that the Soviets were stalling in their response to western proposals in the hope that the free world would quarrel in accordance with the communist dogma about inherent contradictions in the capitalist world. However, the newspaper agreed with the Canadian Foreign Minister that what united the free peoples was far stronger than what divided them.

On the previous day, *The New York Times* was quoted as welcoming the new American proposals to try to end the deadlock about the proposed Korean conference. These proposals were also widely welcomed by commentators in western Europe. Communist commentators, however, confined their attention for the most part to Mr. Vyshinsky's speech in the Assembly, in which he rejected the American proposals, and to his reiteration of previous Soviet proposals for lessening international tension which have been rejected by the United Nations time and time again. A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna noted that Mr. Vyshinsky had made the same proposals before and that they had been consistently rejected, but pleaded:

Perhaps he has not said anything new, but does this mean that what he said was not good and desirable? . . . How about the other side surprising us with something new—by saying 'yes' for a change?

'In these proposals', said a Polish broadcast, 'peace-loving mankind sees its deepest desires and hopes reflected and observes once more the profound devotion of the Soviet Union to the cause of peace and friendship between nations'.

From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

Mr. Vyshinsky's statement not only fails to advance the cause of peace and disarmament; it sets the clock back by reviving propositions and assertions which the Soviets had appeared to be willing to drop in the past and which time and events have rendered so out of date that only a completely bankrupt policy could resort to them. It is possible, however, that this is not the final Soviet attitude.

Broadcasts from Peking were mainly concerned with the Soviet-North Korean agreement, which also received publicity in Moscow broadcasts. From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as commenting:

It confirms the fact that North Korea's future, political as well as economic, depends much more on Moscow than on Peking. The Soviet Union has hastened to consolidate its positions in Asia.

The Spanish-American defence agreements announced on September 26 were attacked the following day by Moscow radio, which described them as part of the American preparations for war. They would also, it said, sharpen the differences between the United States, Britain, and France. Further evidence of differences between the United States and Britain was seen by Warsaw radio in Mr. Attlee's speech in which he criticised certain aspects of American foreign policy:

This speech of Mr. Attlee's deserves some attention because it is a new and most obvious proof of the growing and steadily deepening disharmony between the United States and Britain.

From India, the *National Herald* was quoted for the view that America would draw little comfort from the fact that Mr. Attlee spoke of American policy in terms not much different from Mr. Malenkov. From the United States itself several newspapers were quoted in sharp criticism of the speech.

Did You Hear That?

SALT OF SALTAIRE

IN A NORTH OF ENGLAND broadcast CECIL STEWART paid a centenary tribute to Salt of Saltaire. 'A hundred years ago', he said, 'a Bradford merchant gave a dinner party of immense proportions. Indeed, *The Times* reported it as "probably the largest dinner party that ever sat down under one roof at one time". Some 3,700 guests ate three tons of meat and half a ton of potatoes with, doubtless, appropriate trimmings. Their dining hall was the combing shed of a newly built mill, which was decorated for the occasion with streamers and bunting. And in the centre, suspended from four cast-iron columns, a Union Jack formed a canopy for a 300-lb. baron of beef inscribed "The Roast Beef of Old England".'

'There was good reason for such a party, for that day marked the inauguration of an astonishing Victorian venture. The Bradford merchant, Titus Salt, had built a colossal mill in the country north of Bradford, and was now going to build a town to go with it. Instead of encouraging more people to desert the countryside and crowd into the growing slums of Bradford, he hoped to persuade work-people to leave the town and live and work in the country. He was, indeed, I suppose, the first to realise the merits of decentralisation, and, what is more, at the age of fifty years, to put his ideas into practice. "If my life is spared by Providence", he said, "I hope to see satisfaction, happiness and comfort around me". His life, in fact, was spared for another twenty-three years, during which the building of the model town of Saltaire was accomplished.'

'Titus Salt was born of poor parents in a cottage seven miles from Bradford on September 20, 1803. Sir Titus Salt died on December 29, 1876, leaving an estate valued at about half a million, a large number of testimonials expressing the satisfaction of his employees, a bust of purest Carrara marble weighing just under two tons, a couple of full-length portraits, a monument in Bradford derived in its style from the Albert Memorial, and a bereaved family of eleven children. His life, from relative hardship to comfortable affluence, from a humble cradle to an astonishingly monumental grave, was so typical of the Victorian ideal of the self-made man that he was repeatedly cited as an example to others.'

'His boyhood was undistinguished. According to his teacher, he was never a bright pupil; in fact, he seems to have been uncommonly dull. He joined his father's firm (after apprenticeship to another wool-stapler in Bradford) but soon branched out for himself. It was his discovery of a new staple in worsted manufacture—a fibre called alpaca—that was the basis of his success. By 1830 Titus Salt was running some six mills in Bradford. The town was growing with phenomenal speed, without a plan and with little thought for the inhabitants. It was not in those days a pleasant place. A report to the Health of Towns Commission described it as a most filthy town, without public drainage or sewerage at all. Indeed, the widespread miseries were becoming a source of great expense to the more opulent classes. There were no open spaces, with the result "that the lower orders have no place where they can engage in sports and keep their minds engaged in matters of that kind. It is the very thing to drive them to Chartism".'

'It was obvious to Titus Salt that things could not go on much longer as they were, even though his mills showed considerable profit. He decided to move out; and selected a site some four miles north of Bradford on the banks of the River Aire, at that point where the

Lancashire and Glasgow railway and Leeds and Liverpool canal diverged. Fascinating as such Victorian fulsomeness may be, it is not the mill itself which is of the greatest interest, but the fact that it was built in conjunction with a model town, out in the country, and freed from the smoke and squalor of Victorian Bradford.

'Altogether Salt was an extraordinarily blunt and forthright Victorian worthy. In 1869, upon Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, Queen Victoria conferred upon him a baronetcy; and five years later the citizens of Bradford decided to honour their distinguished patron with

a statue carved from a fourteen-ton block of marble. "They proceeded", said Sir Titus, "to make a pillar of Salt"—his only recorded joke. He died on December 29, 1876. Throughout the following day the great bell of Bradford Town Hall announced his passing to the citizens and the Salt statue was appropriately draped in black. He was a great man, and his legacy of Saltaire is still distinctly pleasing. In spite of more recent additions, it remains, within clearly defined limits, a neat little township'.



The bronze statue of Sir Titus Salt in the park at Saltaire.

In the panel at the side is a bas-relief of an alpaca

From "A Prospect of Cities", by Cecil Stewart (Longmans)

LONDON'S ROYAL PARKS

In a talk in the Home Service IAN HOBKIRK, Bailiff of the Royal Parks, gave some views of the present position in London's Royal Parks. 'Autumn and winter', he said, 'are busy times of the year for the gardener; this is the period when he alters his layouts, does his planting for the coming year and deals with his fences. Fencing in parks is a thorny problem. The old park railings were swept away in the early days of the war. Many people think the parks should not be railed in at all. They feel that railings give an air of exclusion and are pompous relics of another age. They would prefer no sort of boundary marking at all. But the wanton damage and hooliganism are insensate. For example, the children's playground in Kensington Gardens: until we put six-foot unclimbable fencing around it, louts would smash up the kids' swings and see-saws every time they were repaired.'

'In Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens you have probably noticed large, bare patches where there should be grass; they are the symptoms of one of our major

problems. There are dozens of little schools in the neighbourhood for the very small, and the only place where these children can play games is in the Park. Where there is a nice flat piece of ground, there they come day after day. Slowly but surely the grass is worn away. Soon somebody comes along after the players have departed, sees this ugly patch, and on my desk I find a letter complaining that the upkeep of the Park is going to the dogs. Well, what is the answer? Stop the games? More railings? Returf in the winter? or—compromise. What we try to do now is to confine these activities to certain areas, accept the fact that these will inevitably be untidy, and do our best to rehabilitate them in the winter.'

'In Kensington Gardens, we have an unpopular job to do this autumn. Those big elms, on either side of the Broad Walk, have got to come down. We have taken expert outside advice to check our own opinions, and everybody agrees that these elms are no longer safe. So down they must come. It is one of those sad but inevitable things; but not only must we think of everybody who passes beneath them now, but we must plant new trees for all the children who one day will walk that way and look up into great spreading boughs.'

'We are planting a Coronation Plantation in Richmond Park this autumn. We have chosen beech, with an occasional copper beech on

the outside edge to vary it. The Jubilee Plantation, the Queen Elizabeth Plantation, and Prince Charles's Spinney are mostly oak of various types, but we thought we would vary it this time.

'If you find a chance, have a look at the new restaurant we have made in Pembroke Lodge not far from Richmond Gate. It is really rather pleasant. It was once a private house and has marvellous views away to the hills towards Windsor. The garden is worth a visit, too, especially in the spring'.

THE INVASION OF THE CROSSBILL

'Within the family of British finches', said ERIC SIMMS, in a Third Programme broadcast, 'occurs a genus of great interest—the Crossbills. And within it there are three species—the crossbill itself, the Parrot-crossbill and the Two-barred crossbill. In this country the last two are only rare stragglers from northern Europe. In Britain the crossbill is divided into two races, one of which lives in the pine forests of Scotland, and the other, which is an irregular visitor, breeding from time to time in many counties. This latter race are the birds now breeding in the neighbourhood of coniferous woodlands in southern England.

'From time to time certain species of bird undertake movements that are separate from the regular, annual movements which we associate with normal migration. Crossbills for example, often leave their homes in the pine forests of northern Europe and spread both south and west. Many reach the British Isles in these spasmodic irruptions or invasions after the breeding season. Of these visitors some may remain to breed and there are records of them in many counties. These irruptions may take place at quite short intervals—from three or four, to ten years. The last major invasion was in 1937.

'For a general picture of the 1953 crossbill invasion we are indebted to Dr. Bruce Campbell, the secretary of the British Trust for Ornithology. The first report of this invasion was received at the beginning of June, an early start for such irruptions. As it progressed the 1953 invasion assumed the pattern of a three-pronged drive from the north-east: the northernmost prong, and the earliest, striking Shetland and Orkney; the central prong then reaching the north-eastern counties of England; and lastly, the southern prong arriving in East Anglia.

'Each of these successive waves seems to have spread and dispersed widely after making landfall. In Scotland, for example, crossbills were reported from as far west as the Shiant Islands and west Inverness-shire, and Dr. Campbell himself saw a party of nine at Tobermory in the island of Mull. These birds were splitting rowan berries and eating the seeds. The spreading of the middle prong of the invasion was doubtless the cause of subsequent reports from Glamorgan in Wales, and from counties Tyrone and Limerick in Ireland. In late June and early July flocks began to arrive on the East Anglian coast, and on July 10 and 11 Alec Robertson here watched a party of nineteen which was composed of four adult pairs and eleven birds of the year. This wave also seems to have dispersed widely, for reports were later received from as far south west as Devon, Dorset, and the Isle of Wight.

'As long ago as the middle of the thirteenth century, the chronicler Matthew Paris placed on record an account of a crossbill invasion. Yarrell in his *British Birds* quotes an intriguing description from a Kentish manuscript of the 1593 invasion. It reads that in "the year 1593 there were greates plenty of strange birds and haveinge a bill with one beake wrythinge over the other, they were of the bignes of a bullfinch, the henne right like the henne of the bullfinch in coulour; the cock a very glorious bird, in a manner al redde or yellowe on the breast, backe and head. The oldest man living never heard or reade of any such like bird; and the thinge most to bee noted was, that it seemed they

came out of some country not inhabited; for that they at the first would abide shooting at them, either with pellet, bowe or other engine, and not remove till they were stricken downe"'.

HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

HEATHER LEE collects impressions of heat and gave some of them in a Home Service talk. 'Real heat', she said, 'is roughly divisible into two groups, the hot and dry and the hot and wet, with a few subdivisions such as hot and wet and steamy, or hot and dry with a scorching wind, or hot and still with a baking sun.

'In the hot seasons in Colombo, Calcutta, and Aden, and so on, you will find the classic hot and wet. On the West Coast of Africa you get the real "jungly" steaming heat. Yet in Lagos you will find the *dhobi* (the man who comes to do your washing) arriving at the house in a white suit starched to the neck; it is just proof that he, if no one else, can maintain that "crisp" exterior, that you only wish you could! What he suffers for his brief appearance, no one will ever know. In these hot, wet atmospheres everything rusts and moulds. Hang a suit in the cupboard and a week later there is a film of green mould under the lapels. One is inclined to mould a bit oneself and develop boils and other odd skin eruptions.

'In India you find every type of heat known to man in one part or another and also the famous "hot wind" called *loo* that sweeps over town and village. In Persia you will get enough of the hot and dry to burn you like a fire. Do you know that in some of the hottest parts of Persia it is almost impossible to get a sun-tan? You will find dry heat up to 130 in the shade but the sun is so strong and powerful that if you get out in it to sun-tan, you will burn before you brown. Then, in the late afternoon, when you can get out, the sun has lost a lot of its "browning" power and it takes quite a bit of work to get a tan.

'I know that, unless you have lived in it yourself, heat is difficult to imagine. Can you, for instance, imagine a heat so intense, so all embracing, that you must cut off your hair, as the mere feeling of hair touching your neck is more than you can tolerate? I have lived in places where men shave their heads and women crop their hair as the heat increases. Where you cannot knit, as the feeling of wool sticking to your hot hands is impossible, and where, when you try to type, sweat drips off your face on to the keys. Where you must change your clothes three times a day and when you take them off they are as wet with perspiration as if you had been in a bath with them on. The heat goes on, do not forget that, in the really hot places that I am speaking of. There is seldom a change, day or night, sometimes for a month at a time. When you get out of your soaking clothes for a shower, you do not feel any cooler; how could you, the heat is all round you still, there is no change in that.

'One of the funnier things (looked at in retrospect) is the attempts you make to dry yourself. You come out of the shower wet, and as you exert yourself to dry you sweat more and more, the more you rub the more you sweat. Then you bend down to put your shoes on, and I am sure that on a cold and frosty morning at home you never notice how much hotter you feel when you have fastened your shoes, but you must take it from me that it is one of the most energetic of our casual actions. Many people in the East ask their boys to put their shoes on for them, and this is not, as you might think, a rather far-flung expression of the British Raj; far from it, it is just a very great help indeed towards not soaking the clean clothes that you have just put on. After your shower you get as quickly as possible under a fan. Here you cool off from the heat and the effect of having dried yourself, and pause for a moment before attempting anything else. When you feel more normal again you get on with whatever it is that you have to do until midday, and then you repeat the whole thing again, and then once more at evening'.



A crossbill photographed in a garden in the eastern counties
A. W. P. Robertson

The Good Life—II. The Romantic Way

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

SUPPOSING I am right; supposing the good life is conceived alternately in classical and romantic terms—in terms, as I define them, first of moderation and then of excess—what is it that happens to make a whole civilisation suddenly restless? I am inclined to think that it is nothing more complicated than boredom, the emotion experienced by Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters:

Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

All of a sudden the classical good life seems immensely dull. Human beings are not adapted to permanent situations; they need to exercise their powers of invention. And so, after a while, they take stock of the world round them, and in so far as they are bored with it, they become fascinated by one or other of the revolutionary possibilities which are always visible on the horizon, usually the more attractive the less fully they are understood.

Leap in the Dark

Next, people take the greatest of all leaps in the dark: they abandon the objective view of the world for a subjective one. If you remember, in the miracle-play 'Everyman', Everyman himself is deserted by the forces in whom he puts his trust. Beauty, Strength, Discretion, the Five Wits, all forsake him, and he is left in the end with no one but Good Deeds. That is the objective view of the world in a nutshell. It means that we have only to find our authority to understand once and for all what deeds are good, and then to abandon our personal pretensions to beauty or wisdom as only so much vanity.

But there is also the opposite view: the subjective view, as Baudelaire once expressed it: 'To be a great man and a saint *by one's own standards*, that is all that matters'. And every so often, surfeited by objective virtue, the Baudelaires of the world get the upper hand. Their view of the good life is anything but classical. To begin with, the good life is no longer meant to be pleasant, since one of its main purposes is to face the facts, and the facts are seldom agreeable. At its best, therefore, it becomes a heroic adventure—and, above all, an adventure of the imagination. It becomes the function of the romantic writer to disturb rather than to explain. He is a prophet, an iconoclast. He takes the unhappiness of the world upon his own shoulders; he revels in darkness.

The supreme examples of romantic logic are seldom therefore English. A Kleist, a Rimbaud, a Kafka would be hard to imagine in English life. Our native romantic heroes are usually Byronic, and it is his passivity which is the most obvious characteristic of the Byronic hero; as Auden once wrote, it is Don Juan who is always the seduced one. In practice, therefore, one has to look abroad in order to watch the romantic life as an unfolding experience; one has to listen to Baudelaire expatiating on the grandeur of pariahs, and to Rimbaud recommending the systematic disordering of the senses, before one can visualise the good life in active and romantic terms. And for my part I find this a thoroughly lowering experience. For it begins to look as though the choice before us were to fall into dullness at one pole or dotiness at the other, since the effort of making a synthesis is all too apparently beyond the range of any but a minute proportion of humanity. Every so often, since the great flowering of the romantic movement from the end of the eighteenth century onward, some exceptional being has showed the rest of the world what a properly organised life ought to be—Goethe, perhaps, is the kind of person who did it best of all. But, in general, the consequences of trying to be 'a great man and a saint by one's own standards' have been disastrous to everybody.

For people's standards change; and people themselves are each so different that to achieve greatness by the romantic standard is only to sow anarchy all round. Any coherent idea of the good life is bedevilled by the theory that life is thrust upon us in so pointless a fashion that the necessary evil of keeping alive fills the whole landscape of existence. That accounts for Baudelaire's ideal of the dandy—the final expression of the romantic good life, the man who does nothing at all

because everything is beneath his dignity. And in those of a more active temperament, the act of being great by a purely personal standard is likely to lead to insufferable abuses. After all, Hitler and Rosenberg are only exaggerated examples of the romantic tendency to assume that any kind of life which pleases the man who lives it, is the good life. Rhodes, Northcliffe, T. E. Lawrence: endless names from our own country spring to mind of active men, men who play with ideas, articulate, powerful men, whose personal blend of good and evil in public life is due to the fact that they tried above all to achieve greatness by their own standards, as a piece of what may be called spiritual buccaneering.

The trouble with this is that all such buccaneers pull in different directions. If they subscribed even nominally to a general code, a great deal of the common talk about anxiety in the modern world would become out of date overnight. For what people fear is not so much physical dangers as a basic uncertainty about the purposes they are themselves expected to fulfil. It was a trying experience, no doubt, to be caught up in the struggles of the Italian city-states under the Renaissance; but at least the experience was a straightforward one. Money and power were the issues; money and power were the cornerstones upon which any possibility of a good life depended; but as to the nature of that good life everyone was more or less in accord. It would be led, if at all, within the framework of a single civilisation, a civilisation in which rewards and punishments, both in this world and the next, were distributed according to accepted rules.

But look at things today. Nowhere is there a single effective standard by which the good life can be assessed. Take the most orthodox view, and assume that the good life is a matter of what the Romans used to call *pietas*, and then, if you get the chance, look up the word 'Church' in the New York Telephone Directory. There you will find not only every conceivable variation of the familiar, but also extravagant oddities with names like the Church of the Squared Circle; you will even find individuals sandwiched, as it were, between two cathedrals. So much for the good life in religious terms: scores of busy sects, each sure it is right, each looking askance at the rest. I have sometimes played with the possibility that one of them is right; I have imagined the last trump sounding, and the faithful of the Squared Circle—just a few hundred of them—marching with a look of I-told-you-so to glory, while the rest of us go down into the pit. For that is the logical end of the good life as the orthodox must conceive it.

And the determinists? These are the high romantics, since it is their anxiety to demonstrate that the destiny of man has nothing tragic about it. The good life, therefore, is to bow to the inevitable. Never mind about the past and the present; sacrifice both in the hope of a better future. But what is the better future, and for whom exactly is it better? There nobody is agreed: any more than the ordinary citizens of the west, who half believe in one thing and half in another, who muddle along with no time to think about such abstractions as the good life, except in vague outline and supported on those dreams of more pay and less work which are shared by all of us in our weaker moments.

'Brideshead Revisited'

Muddle and the good life are two things which never go together; for it is one of the terms upon which it is possible to lead the good life at all, that one should know what one is doing; and so I should not wonder if our long period of romanticism were not drawing to an end—after all, it has lasted a full century and a half. The kind of muddle I mean is this: take any good modern novel which tries to build up a point of view about the way in which people ought to live if they want to get the best out of life; take a book like *Brideshead Revisited*. Does not one feel that the writer is more than usually at odds with his own time? That he is writing under the disadvantage of knowing practically nothing about the response of his readers to what they are reading? Chaucer, when he wrote *The Canterbury Tales*, could get that response quite accurately. Even when the romantics had become

respectable—which coincided with the heyday of novel-writing—George Eliot, or Dickens, or Tolstoy could make suggestions about life knowing exactly how they would be received. Good and bad, right and wrong, black and white: the tags were all ready to be tied on to the situations of real life, like so many gardeners' labels. More explicit still, a little satiric masterpiece like *The Diary of a Nobody* gives a clear and detailed picture of everyday existence—of the good life in conventional Victorian terms—and it is a picture which leaves one in no doubt of where the lights and shadows are meant to fall.

But it is not like that now, and through no incompetence on the part of modern writers. Mr. Pooter in Brickfield Terrace is a comprehensible unit in a comprehensible civilisation. Mrs. Dale, in Parkwood Hill, lives at the fag-end of a period, and she knows that she cannot understand herself, let alone make herself perfectly clear to others. When George Meredith wrote about a great country house in *The Egoist*, he was writing about a way of life which aroused no misunderstandings. He could pin his labels on to his situations: labels like 'rich', 'selfish', 'noble', 'loving', and everybody knew what he meant, even if they did not agree with his definitions. But when you travel through time as far as that contemporary great house, Brideshead, you will find the labels all shuffled together. Evelyn Waugh has only been able to call his characters to order by giving them a strict theological background, because otherwise they obey a personal set of rules different in each case. You can give them labels of a different kind: you can

call them 'amusing', 'dreary', 'fantastic', for instance, but you cannot easily give them any objective significance which everybody will understand.

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why it is so hard to fire the imagination nowadays. The great characters of the past, it does not matter whom you choose—Tom Jones, Jude, Emma Bovary—all are attached to an accepted idea of life as it ought to be lived. But the romantic age has left us with the notion that life is made up of paradoxes. In trying to escape from a cut-and-dried morality, our writers have come to hope that by turning the accepted ideas upside-down they will get closer to the truth about human beings. And so they set an unnatural emphasis on the seamy side of life; they construct a huge international literature of protest, in which it is assumed that squalor and merit are inextricably intertwined. One school of thought attaches special grace to a death-bed repentance: writers like Graham Greene almost suggest that the more you have to repent of the better it is. Another school of thought flies to the opposite extreme, and asserts, like Sartre and Camus, that good and bad are all dissolved in the final absurdity of ever being alive at all. In both cases the good life is nothing but a runaway vehicle for self-expression.

That is the outcome of the romantic ideal, the culmination of the age of excess. But I wonder whether it is not already a little out of date. If it is out of date, there is a certain fascination in speculating, as I shall try to do next week, on where we go from here.—*Home Service*

Six Houses

Red House: the Home of William Morris

By SIR HUGH CASSON

AT first glance it looks exactly what it sounds like—a large, beef-red, solidly built Victorian suburban residence. A house-agent ranging desperately round for the right adjective would probably call it 'substantial'—a word which to me always conjures up a picture of cavernous pantries hung with rusting bells, acres of brown paint, and a plumbing system as iron-clad and out of date as a battleship. You can see plenty of similar houses in the prosperous suburbs of any big city, though by now most of them are divided into flats or converted into private hotels. But Red House is different from these because it was almost the first of them ever to be built. It is in fact a pioneer house and nearly a hundred years old. For this reason—and also because it was designed by a famous architect, Philip Webb, for an even more famous client, William Morris—its cheerful red face is, I suppose, as familiar to architectural students, at least in photographs, as are the faces of Hampton Court or Blenheim.

It was built in 1859, in the full golden glow of the most prosperous and perhaps least attractive period of Queen Victoria's long reign. We all know now, as some people knew then, that everything was not as golden and glorious in the 'sixties as it looked. Even the world of architecture shivered a little in the chill winds of doubt. It is true that on the surface all was reasonably ordered. The Englishman's house, whether it was in the smart Venetian-Gothic style favoured by modish architects or in the stuccoed Pimlico style that the less up-to-date speculative builders still worked in, seemed firmly enough built on its triple and apparently unassailable foundations: the cheapness of labour, the permanence of marriage, and the inferiority of women. But again, behind this impressive and durable facade, experiments were being essayed, new materials and techniques tried out, and awkward questions being asked.

But to Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Morris, and the others of 'The Set' as everybody called them, everything seemed as yet ordered and serene. Burne-Jones looked back on it later. 'From Christmas to Christmas', he wrote, 'the skies seemed always blue, the air for ever sweet and filled with the sound of bells'. So it must have seemed in 1858, when Philip Webb the architect and Morris returned from a three-week boating holiday in France with their first ideas and sketches for Red House. From the first it was planned not only as a home for Morris and his bride but also as a workshop and meeting-place for a group of friends. Its 'L'-shaped form, with its corner turret staircase and unusual arrangement of rooms was, in fact, determined by these needs

and also, so Georgiana Burne-Jones tells us, by hopes for future extensions.

The house was the first independent work of Philip Webb—who at that time was chief assistant to George Street, the champion of the Gothicists and architect of the Law Courts in the Strand—and Webb took the greatest pains with it. Neither he nor Morris was trying to be revolutionary. All they wished to do was to build a simple orderly home which would meet their needs without striking any attitudes or making any faces at anyone, and which would point the way back to what they thought was the right road—to the English rural tradition of design and materials and craftsmanship. In those days such an aim was far more revolutionary than it sounds, and although the house is not as daring nor as unique as some of its admirers have claimed—in fact it has many conventional features in addition to its slightly French flavour—nevertheless it has rightly earned its place as a famous milestone in the development of our domestic architecture.

Two or three weeks ago I decided to go and see it for the first time. I chose a Sunday afternoon because it is the best possible time—indeed almost the only time—when the flavour of a quiet Victorian scene can be recaptured faintly and for a moment. It is a somnolent, full-stomached time, rather wistful, disturbed only by those mild, friendly noises—the clatter of tea being laid, the distant cry of a child, the snip of garden shears, the clink of a bucket—those noises that have remained the same for generations. As I walked along the thinly planted suburban road from the station, I could see behind the gables of 'Bellevue' and 'The Nook' and 'Woodlawn', and above the perky little garages where motor-cycles were being affectionately dismembered, glimpses of those orchards which, ninety-four years ago, greeted Georgiana Burne-Jones and Ned, as they jolted along in a wagonette on their first visit to Red House.

'It was a country place then', she wrote, 'and we were met with thin fresh air full of sweet smells . . .'. The air is fresh enough still in Bexley Heath, but you could hardly call it a country place now. Indeed, an occasional old garden wall, an elderly tree or so, a tiny terrace of cottages as snug as tea-cosies, are the only relics of that once pleasantly rural scene—except, of course, Red House itself, suddenly rearing up like a miniature Camelot of turrets and steeply crested roofs above its surrounding wall.

Few of course of the original furnishings or decorations remain today: a high painted settle in the lofty, paved entrance hall, some rather charming stained glass in a corridor that is probably the work of Burne-

Jones, mottoes in abundance, painted over doors and chimney pieces and everywhere throughout the prettily pricked-patterned ceilings. To the left of the front door lie a couple of spare rooms, to the right the dining-room. Ahead are the kitchens, pantry, sculleries and outhouses, lofty, well-lighted and generously planned; but all the principal rooms are on the first floor. You go up the staircase with its high newel-posts—it creaks a little now but its polished wood is as sound and sweet as ever; that is a tribute to Webb. He was an architect who took the greatest care with every detail.

Then there is Morris' 'L'-shaped study with its north window for drawing and its south light for sunshine, two or three bedrooms with low doorways and ceilings curving to the arch of the roof: windows placed picturesquely to surprise and enchant the eye with unexpected glimpses. At the back is a maids' three-cubicle dormitory, also with its decorated ceiling (there was no baize-door stuff about William Morris).

Finally, there is the main living-room, high, sunny, and dominated by the huge settle that was brought from Red Lion Square and converted into a minstrels' gallery. It was from this gallery on one hilarious evening that Charles Faulkner jumped in one mad leap into the middle of the assembled company and from which on another occasion he gave Morris a black eye fighting with windfall apples. How *jolly* they all were, with their bear-fights and nicknames and practical jokes, their bellowing laughter and laborious puns! Was it all perhaps some curious instinctive revolt from the utopian dream-world of Arthurian legend in which they lived? Perhaps. But whatever the reason, there are times when life at the Red House as recorded by Georgiana Burne-Jones seems to our more self-conscious eyes almost blood-curdling in its arch simplicity. 'Oh, how happy we were then', she writes, 'Janey and I . . . busy in the morning with our needlework or wood-engraving . . . the afternoons exploring the country lanes . . . the happy mid-day meal when Morris would be sent to Coventry or challenged with riddles . . . Then the evenings . . . Hide and seek in the darkened bedrooms or music round the piano (Chappells' Old English Songs) or . . . some bear-fighting. Sometimes we would sit on the garden porch overlooking the high-roofed brick well, and watch the men playing bowls'. You can almost hear the reverent dropping of the female voice at the word 'men'. 'All helped', she continues, 'with the beautifying of the house—Ned with frescoes based upon the legend of Sir Degrevaunt . . . Morris with painted panels of parrots and bushes, Rossetti with nine legendary scenes . . . Janey worked patterns in wool . . . Faulkner, not entirely



Red House, Bexley Heath

trustworthy on his own, pricked in the ceiling patterns; Webb designed tableware and candlesticks'. 'It was all', said Rossetti, 'a most noble work . . . more a poem than a house', but, he added, 'an admirable place to live in, too'. But Morris and Janey were not fated to stay there long. Plans to extend the house—Webb's sketches for these still survive—came to nothing, and then illness and pressure of work finally compelled Morris in 1865 to sell the Red House and return to London. He never saw it again.

Like all famous buildings, Red House has had its critics. Rossetti himself was

never tired of pointing out that the original name of the site was 'Hog's Hole'. More recent observers have remarked that it had no bathroom—though I wonder what house of that size did possess such a curiosity in those days of hip baths, and brass cans and housemaids? It is said, too, that the principal living-rooms faced north; but it is usually forgotten that these were the rooms in which paintings were to be executed and enjoyed in the best possible light. No doubt the house has its faults, and it is not impossible that the plan was firmly formed in Webb's mind before a site was found to fit it. But with all its faults it remains today a handsome, comfortable home, as sound and sweet and dry as a well-built boat and just as gracefully practical and unpretentious.

Today, after a succession of owners, some less responsible and sensitive than others, the Red House has luckily fallen into the affectionate hands of two young architects and their families. The frescoes are being looked after, the hideous brown paint cautiously removed from the once lightly stained woodwork. Morris wallpapers are reappearing on the walls. The garden is being rescued from neglect: hollyhocks and jasmine are being planted where once they were shown on Webb's original plans. There is talk, too, of a pony to occupy the loose-box which once—so says a faded name-plate above the door—was the home of 'Bess'.

Since it is still a private house, it is not normally open to the public. But the owners are always glad to welcome visitors if given warning of their arrival, and they will not, I am sure, mind my recommending you to visit Red House if you can: not because it is a piece of great architecture (for it is not), nor because it is particularly beautiful, which again it is not, nor even because it was once for a few years the beloved home of a very great man and his friends, although that is a worthy enough excuse to visit any house; but principally because it is one of those few buildings—like Compton Wynyates; or the Queen's House, Greenwich; or Coleshill—which are landmarks in the history of the English house and thus in the history of ourselves.

—Home Service



The first-floor landing of Red House: through the main doorway of the living-room is the huge settle which was brought from Red Lion Square and converted into a minstrels' gallery

Photographs: National Buildings Record

A People's University

By SIR CHARLES MORRIS

WHEN the young men came back from the fighting in the war, I believe that a great number of those who sought to go to the University of Oxford to make up for the lost years wanted to read philosophy. This illustrates both a point about war and a really fundamental point about human nature. War undoubtedly shakes up our ideas. In ordinary times a serious illness near to death is said to shake up ideas; even a practical disaster in the affairs of life, such as having to give up one's career or losing all one's money if one has any, may really shake up ideas. But war is bound to shake up the ideas of almost everybody, at any rate for a time.

Creating New Ideas

For the young, and especially for the young who did the fighting, war shakes up ideas radically and for ever—so fundamentally, indeed, that they need entirely 'making over' and in truth creating anew. In a free country the young will have to make those new ideas for themselves. They cannot be provided authoritatively by science. In this field even the great man of science can tell you only what he has come to believe himself; he cannot give you something which has been demonstrated and established scientifically. And in a free country the universities, and most of the schools, will decline to seek to persuade you of anything which is based on authority or derived from dogma. You must think for yourself. And that is what the young men coming back from the war felt a great need to do. Before they settled down to the forty years' steady pull of their life-time job, they wanted to straighten out their ideas. A few years' experience of a particularly exacting job while it lasted, the concentrated and absorbing job of war, had shaken them right up; and they wanted to find out where they stood.

That is the point about war. You will probably have guessed by now the point—the really fundamental point—about human nature. What happens to the fighting generation of young men is only an extreme case of what happens to us all at the beginning of our working lives, our lives of real working experience; and indeed of what goes on happening to all of us, in greater or less degree, all the time. Our ideas about the things that matter do not stay put. They change, and we think they ought to change. And we feel the need to think for ourselves. We do not expect, and we do not wish, to be bound down by what we thought and believed when we were at school, or even at college. And we cannot, with our traditions and our history, be confined or even very much impressed by the dictation or pontification of any authority.

I believe myself that this is the fundamental inspiration, and the real cause of the success, of the W.E.A.—the famous Workers' Educational Association, which some twenty or thirty years ago caught the imagination of the world and which this year has been celebrating its jubilee. The W.E.A. has been looked upon everywhere abroad as a characteristically English institution; and so I believe it is. It has been responsible for making it possible for some 100,000 men and women each year to satisfy the deep-seated human need of which I have been speaking: the need to read and think and talk about the really important questions affecting the life and destiny of the human race. Many people think that these men and women are seeking to make up for lost opportunities: lost because they had to leave school at fourteen or earlier and never had an opportunity to go to college or university when they were young. If this were true, or if this were the whole truth, the students in the W.E.A. would be aiming at filling the comparatively elementary gaps in their knowledge which in more fortunate circumstances they might have filled when they were sixteen or seventeen. But I do not believe that this is what they are doing, or what they are trying to do. If that were all, night schools and evening institutes would have done the job—and they are doing it extremely well—and there would have been no W.E.A. to catch the imagination of the world.

No, the typical student of the W.E.A. does not want to go to learn now what he might have learned at school or university when

he was very young. He wants to get some of the benefits of university life now, at his present age and with his greater experience of life. He believes that those who live in universities have got something of great value, which he has not got but which it is not impossible for him to have, in some considerable measure. That is what he wants. If it is not what he wanted when he first came to the W.E.A., it is what he soon learns to want as a member of a W.E.A. class. And it is extraordinary how successful the W.E.A. has been, with the help of the universities, in helping him to get it.

It is not difficult to know what it is. If what I have been saying is right, nothing will do for the thoughtful, mature man, on the great matters of importance, but to think for himself. He does not suppose, or hope, that these matters can be settled for him by a few experts or by a school of scientists. He knows he must leave to experts and specialists the invention of guided missiles or the decision when it will be reasonably safe to set out by rocket for the moon. But he does not believe that problems of politics, national or international, problems of moral conduct, whether of the individual person or the nation, or questions which affect personal happiness can be settled in this way. On all the most important things, we know that there is nothing for it but to think for ourselves. Some people perhaps regret that the world was made that way; they do not want the responsibility; it would be nicer if they could shelter behind someone else—the priest, or the scientist, or the commissar—in things which so much affect other people's happiness or misery. Some people say that the conditions of modern life are making more and more of us anxious to run away from our responsibilities in this way. They say that neither advertisers nor totalitarian politicians could exercise the power they do if this were not so. But such running away from responsible decision is not in our tradition; and if there is more than a little truth in what these people say, I do not think the tendency has yet gone far with us. Our British sense of personal responsibility is robust and still stands pretty firm. We shall all go on demanding to think for ourselves about all great matters. And we shall be right to do so.

When we talk about thinking for ourselves, we do not mean thinking in a vacuum, entirely alone and unaided. In these great questions—the greatest questions of all: of politics, of moral conduct, of human happiness—we need help from others, alive and dead. We need conversation and debate, and exchange of experiences and thoughts, with friends with whom we can speak and listen easily, sympathetically, and without fear. And we also need help from the great of all ages: the poets—the 'unacknowledged legislators of the world'—the dramatists and novelists, the historians, the philosophers—yes, and the critics.

Do We Know More Today?

Let us take these two things in the other order. Perhaps there is a tendency in regard to questions of moral conduct, or of the art of living and the pursuit of happiness, for some of us to think that in this twentieth century we know much more than men and women did 500, or 2,000 or 3,000 years ago. And yet when we come to consider, do we really think that anyone today knows more of these things, or can give better teaching about them, than Jesus Christ did 2,000 years ago? Or, if you feel that the teaching of Jesus is not a fair case, than St. Paul did or Socrates? Does anyone think that any living poet is as great a poet as Homer or Shakespeare, any living historian a greater historian than Thucydides, or any living prophet as great as the second Isaiah? Naturally we want to go to the great teachers, the great thinkers, the great writers of all ages, when we want really to think: the subjects we want to think about are eternal and the same; the human race is the same, and nature is the same—just as friendly to man, or hostile to man, as it always was. The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, now just as then; and the tiger ate the lamb, then as well as now. In 'Othello', or in 'Hamlet', Shakespeare is not, as far as the things that matter are concerned, a creature of his own particular century; nor in the great Mass in B minor is Bach. They are in essentials great members of the human race, out of time and out of special circum-

stance, seeing things which we do not see, or at least should not see without their aid—'unacknowledged legislators of the world'. Naturally we want to go to them, and need to go to them: the very great of all ages who saw things, and thought, and put what they saw and thought in writing, whether they wrote poetry, or history, or plays, or novels, or whether they wrote theology or philosophy. There are some things in which we can be helped only by our contemporaries; but there are more in which help can come only from the very great, to whatever age they belong.

But, after all, we do live in the twentieth century, and our happiness can only be twentieth-century happiness and our knowledge twentieth-century knowledge. There is much about our own time that the New Testament does not teach us; nor does Shakespeare, nor that greatest of novelists Tolstoy, who died less than half a century ago. For this we need experience of our own, and the conversation of a wide variety of our contemporaries. The moralist today does not forget that only the wearer knows where the shoes pinch, that it takes all sorts to make a world that is worth living in, and that while some people would like to have more Beethoven others would prefer more red meat. All these things want thinking about; but good thought about them requires conversation and debate—even controversy. Where questions impinge upon religious convictions, or upon political principles, or social justice, or for the matter of that on the nature of art and beauty, there will be strong differences of opinion and strong feelings roused; but we all want to face these and not remain seated in our ivory towers. By facing them we shall have a better chance of coming near to truth, and we shall also improve ourselves in the art of living, not to mention increasing our hope of being fit to do some good in the world, according to our own gifts and vocation. Of course these discussions and controversies, if they are to do for us what we hope of them, must be among friends, or at least among people who are not afraid or suspicious of one another, or even too shy of one another—that is, among people who can get to know and trust one another. Otherwise nobody will be able to think and speak honestly and conscientiously; nobody will be able to learn much; nobody will do himself any good.

It has been the triumph of the W.E.A. to make something of all this possible for men and women who have full working lives and have only their spare time, that is their evenings, to spend. It has gone out to meet for them a deep-seated and enduring human need. As I have said, many of its 100,000 students welcomed the classes in the first place because they could gain in them opportunities which they lost through having to leave school at an early age; and it would be silly not to recognise that on this count alone the W.E.A. has often given a new hope and arrived at great achievement. But large numbers of those who came to the classes for this reason have stayed year after year from much more fundamental and satisfying motives. They feel that they are understanding things which they could never have understood when they were youngsters at school anyway; they feel that they are joining that large body of educated, thoughtful people who try to

live and work by reason and not by emotion, and without whom free institutions, as we understand them, could not work effectively and could not even survive; and they even feel that in a modest way they are adding something to the body of knowledge, and of honest thought, of their generation about the things which most need to be thought about in the interests of peace, freedom, and human happiness.

I know that the leaders of the W.E.A. rightly tell us that they have many problems to face, now and in their second fifty years. I know, too, that no human organisation or movement can seem to be living right up to its vocation all the time. For one thing it inevitably has to pay the penalty of its own success. As it becomes large and successful, and the world speaks well of it and is eager to help it, it has to organise and codify and systematise itself; then the letter seems to kill and the spirit seems to be not strong enough to make alive. I know, too, that there are a hundred other problems. But I cannot myself forget the tens of thousands of men and women who are given their opportunity every winter to do what so many people fundamentally need to do, and what it is so necessary to our British way of life and to the maintenance of the peace of the world they should continue to do: to think, read, and talk about the fundamental questions of life, to go to the great writers for help in their thinking, and to try to find for our time the best answers, imperfect though they will be, that we in our generation can give.

I suppose I feel this so strongly because I am a university man, absorbed in the life and problems of a university. The founders of the W.E.A. wanted to bring to themselves and their friends, in the evenings of their working days, what they thought of as the university way of life. They thought of the universities as the places where, above all, knowledge could be advanced and honest thought could flourish; where the problems which could be finally solved were being finally solved, and where for the problems that could not be finally solved—the problems of the 'humanities'—the best thought could be found. And they were right. It is one of the privileges of living in a university that you live with other people who have specialised knowledge. If there is one place above others where it should be possible to put all these fragments of knowledge together and think about the great fundamental problems on the basis of all the knowledge there is, and with the help of all the great variety of experience in pursuit of knowledge that there is, that place is the universities.

If that is so, then the W.E.A. with its classes has in a very real sense made for its members a people's university. Many people think that many of the universities themselves have become so exclusively devoted to the pursuit of new fragments of knowledge that they have lost sight of the major and more fundamental purpose. If this is true and the universities have really forgotten, that is sad indeed, and dangerous. I do not see how, from the very nature of its original impulse, the W.E.A. can forget; and in that event it will be able to continue to be a bulwark of sanity itself, and also to help the universities not to forget, either.—*Home Service*

The Ventriloquist Speaks of his Doll

He is my doll,
This rather larger
Than lifesize, full
Grown romancer,
My marionette and
Kid glove puppet,
A familiar stranger,
Wild and wilful
Yet dutiful, suitable,
Perfect in every
Member and action,
A magic tool
And toy, far better
Than any human boy.

He is the poet Waldemar.
I his only begetter.
With my wise
And lucky skill, fetter
By fetter I bind
Whatever I find
To make him hotter:

For my sole use
And curious, furious
Friendship
Bend him to
My lawful will,
He who is matter
And spirit in my grip.

This is his head.
Behold how fair
Or, if I wish, how red
Black his hair,
His eye as blue
As knucklebones, two
Ears large as air,
And the divided
Mouth sunbaked
In down stiff
As the coarse peach's,
Bitten by teeth
Brief as rice;
The throat alive

With a tethered
Bird that pecks
The apple-shouldered
Breasts, the cleft cheeks,
Flutters the stuffed cage
Of ribs with rage,
And beats and knocks
In his gathered
Loins, the heart
Of his joining thighs.
The knees are lemons
Cut with sugars,
The feathered feet
Are fans of daggers.

He is my own
Coppelia, my mouse.
A kind homunculus,
Constant companion,
The type of homo
Sapiens, and model
Of the human kind.

If I am good,
I can control
My every mood,
And his as well.
He is everyman,
Snowman and seaman,
Angel and demon.

I have the key
To his clockwork.
When I wind him
Up we can provoke
Love, violence, joy.
—But it is I,
A broken toy, who
In a box of clay
Shall be put away
By the usual world
That will forbid
Its terrible child
To play: and with his
Dumbness seal my lips.

JAMES KIRKUP

Huck and Oliver

By W. H. AUDEN

ABOUT six months ago I re-read *Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain, for the first time since I was a boy, and I was trying when I read it to put myself back in the position of what it would seem like to re-read the book without knowing the United States very well. Because *Huckleberry Finn* is one of those books which is a key book for understanding the United States; just as I think one could take other books, English books—shall I say *Oliver Twist*?—as corresponding pictures of a British attitude.

Two Attitudes Towards Nature

When you read *Huckleberry Finn*, the first thing maybe that strikes somebody who comes from England about it is the difference in nature and in the attitude towards nature. You will find the Mississippi, and nature generally, very big, very formidable, very inhuman. When Oliver goes to stay in the country with Mrs. Maylie, Dickens writes:

Who can describe the pleasure and delight and peace of mind and tranquillity the sickly boy felt in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods of an inland village.

All very human, very comforting. Huck describes how he gets lost in a fog on the Mississippi, and he writes as follows:

I was floating along, of course, four or five miles an hour; but you don't ever think of that. No, you *feel* like you are laying dead still on the water; and if a little glimpse of a snag slips by, you don't think to yourself how fast *you're* going, but you catch your breath and think, my! how that snag's tearing along. If you think it ain't dismal and lonesome out in a fog that way, by yourself, in the night, you try it once—you'll see.

One of the great differences between Europe in general and America is in the attitude towards nature. To us over here, perhaps, nature is always, in a sense, the mother or the wife: something with which you enter into a semi-personal relation. In the United States, nature is something much more savage; it is much more like—shall we say?—St. George and the dragon. Nature is the dragon, against which St. George proves his manhood. The trouble about that, of course, is that if you succeed in conquering the dragon, there is nothing you can do with the dragon except enslave it, so that there is always the danger with a wild and difficult climate of alternating, if you like, between respecting it as an enemy and exploiting it as a slave.

The second thing that will strike any European reader in reading *Huckleberry Finn* is the amazing stoicism of this little boy. Here he is, with a father who is a greater and more horrible monster than almost any I can think of in fiction, who very properly gets murdered later. He runs into every kind of danger; he observes a blood feud in which there is a terrible massacre, and he cannot even bear, as he writes afterwards, to think exactly what happened. Yet, in spite of all these things, which one would expect to reduce a small child either into becoming a criminal or a trembling nervous wreck, Huck takes them as Acts of God which pass away, and yet one side of this stoicism is an attitude towards time in which the immediate present is accepted as the immediate present; there is no reason to suppose that the future will be the same, and therefore it does not, perhaps, have to affect the future in the same kind of way as it does here.

Then, more interestingly, the European reader is puzzled by the nature of the moral decision that Huck takes. Here Huck is with his runaway slave, Jim, and he decides that he is not going to give Jim up, he is going to try to get him into safety. When I first read *Huckleberry Finn* as a boy, I took Huck's decision as being a sudden realisation, although he had grown up in a slave-owning community, that slavery was wrong. Therefore I completely failed to understand one of the most wonderful passages in the book, where Huck wrestles with his conscience. Here are two phrases. He says:

I was trying to make my mouth say I would do the right thing and the clean thing, and go and write to that nigger's owner and tell where he was; but deep down inside I knowed it was a lie, and He knowed it. You can't pray a lie—I found that out.

He decides that he will save Jim. He says:

I will go to work and steal Jim out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse, I would do that, too; because as long as I was in, and in for good, I might-as well go the whole hog.

When I first read the book I took this to be abolitionist satire on Mark Twain's part. It is not that at all. What Huck does is a pure act of moral improvisation. What he decides tells him nothing about what he should do on other occasions, or what other people should do on other occasions; and here we come to a very profound difference between American and European culture. I believe that all Europeans, whatever their political opinions, whatever their religious creed, do believe in a doctrine of natural law of some kind. That is to say there are certain things about human nature, and about man as a historical creature, not only as a natural creature, which are eternally true. If a man is a conservative, he thinks that law has already been discovered. If he is a revolutionary he thinks he has just discovered it; nobody knew anything in the past, but now it is known. If he is a liberal, he thinks we know something about it and we shall gradually know more. But neither the conservative, nor the revolutionary, nor the liberal has really any doubt that a natural law exists.

It is very hard for an American to believe that there is anything in human nature that will not change. Americans are often called, and sometimes even believe themselves to be, liberal optimists who think that the world is gradually getting better and better. I do not really believe that is true, and I think the evidence of their literature is against it. One should say, rather, that deep down inside they think that all things pass: the evils we know will disappear, but so will the goods.

For that very reason you might say that America is a country of amateurs. Here is Huck who makes an essentially amateur moral decision. The distinction between an amateur and a professional, of course, is not necessarily a matter of learning; an amateur might be a very learned person, but his knowledge would be, so to speak, the result of his own choice of reading and chance. *Vice versa*, a professional is not necessarily unoriginal, but he will always tend to check his results against the past and with his colleagues. The word 'intellectual' in Europe has always meant, basically, the person who knew what the law was, in whatever sphere, whether it was religion, medicine, or what have you. There has always been a distrust in the States of the person who claimed in advance to know what the law was. Naturally, in any country where people are faced with situations which are really new, the amateur often is right where the professional is wrong; we sometimes use the phrase 'professional caution', and that sometimes applies when situations are quite different. On the other hand, the amateur tends, necessarily, to think in terms of immediate problems and to demand immediate solutions, because if you believe that everything is going to be completely different the day after tomorrow, it is no good trying to think about that.

A Sad Book

A third thing, coupled with that, is that on reading *Huckleberry Finn* most Europeans will find the book emotionally very sad. Oliver Twist has been through all kinds of adventures; he has met people who have become his friends, and you feel they are going to be his friends for life. Huck has had a relationship with Jim much more intense than any that Oliver has known, and yet, at the end of the book, you know that they are going to part and never see each other again. There hangs over the book a kind of sadness, as if freedom and love were incompatible. At the end of the book Oliver the orphan is adopted by Mr. Brownlow, and that is really the summit of his daydream—to be accepted into a loving home. Almost the last paragraph of *Oliver Twist* runs:

Mr. Brownlow went on, from day to day, filling the mind of his adopted child with stories of knowledge . . . becoming attached to him, more and more, as his nature developed itself, and showed the thriving seeds of all he wished him to become . . .

How does Huck end:

I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilise me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

In that way, of course, he is like a character in *Oliver Twist*—the Artful Dodger. But in the case of the Artful Dodger, Dickens shows us this charming young man as nevertheless corrupt, and over him hangs always the shadow of the gallows; he is not the natural hero, as Huck is in *Huckleberry Finn*.

In addition to the attitude towards nature, the attitude towards natural law, there are two more things one might take up briefly; the attitude towards time, and the attitude towards money. Imagine two events in history, (a) followed by (b), which in some way are analogous. The danger to the European will be to think of them as identical, so that if I know what to do over (a), I shall know exactly what to do with (b). The danger in America will be to see no relation between these things at all, so that any knowledge I have about (a) will not help me to understand (b). The European fails to see the element of novelty; the American fails to see the element of repetition. You may remember that both Oliver and Huck come into some money. In Oliver's case it is money that is his by right of legal inheritance. In Huck's case, it is pure luck. He and Tom Sawyer found a robber's cache. The money came to them only because it could not be restored to its rightful owners. The money, therefore, is not something that you ever think of inheriting by right.

One might put it this way: in Europe, money represents power—that is to say, freedom from having to do what other people want you to do, and freedom to do what you yourself want to do; so that in a

sense all Europeans feel they would like to have as much money themselves as possible, and other people to have as little as possible.

In the States, money, which is thought of as something you extract in your battle with the dragon of nature, represents a proof of your manhood. The important thing is not to have money, but to have made it. Once you have made it you can perfectly well give it all away. There are advantages and disadvantages on both sides. The disadvantage in Europe is a tendency towards avarice and meanness; the danger in America is anxiety because, since this quantitative thing of money is regarded as a proof of your manhood, and to make a little more of it would make you even more manly, it becomes difficult to know where to stop. This ties up with something that always annoys me: when I see Europeans accusing Americans of being materialists. The real truth about Americans is they do not care about matter enough. What is shocking is waste; just as what shocks Americans in Europe is avarice.

I have mentioned a few of these things because we live in a time when it have never been so important that America and Great Britain should understand each other. Many misunderstandings arise, not over concrete points, but over a failure to recognise certain presuppositions or attitudes which we all make, according to our upbringing, in such a way that we cannot imagine anybody taking any other one. When those are understood, it is much more possible to help each other's strong points and weaknesses by exchanging them to our mutual profit.

In so far as that can be done, and I am sufficiently much of a liberal optimist to believe it can, the alliance between the States and Great Britain can become a real and genuine and mutually self-critical thing, instead of the rather precarious relationship forced by circumstances which it seems to be at present.—*From an extempore recording made during a visit to this country and broadcast in the Third Programme*

Maxim Gorki: a Personal Portrait

By MOURA BUDBERG

THEY lived together, Gorki and Peschkov. Fate had linked them inseparably with a blood tie. They were very much alike but not really identical. It sometimes happened that they would quarrel and argue; then they would make it up and once more walk hand in hand. Their paths separated only recently: in June 1936, when Alexei Peschkov died, Maxim Gorki remained in the world of the living. The man with the common face of a Russian workman and the modest name of Peschkov (from Peshka—the pawn) was the same who chose for himself the pen-name of Gorki—bitter.

I knew them both. But I see no necessity to talk about the writer Gorki. His books speak better for themselves. I want to talk here about a man with a large heart and a large biography. There are many remarkable writers who have no biography but go through life only as observers, sometimes as observers of genius. Such was, for instance, a contemporary of Gorki's and one of the finest masters of the Russian language, Anton Chekhov. Gorki was never content to remain an observer only; he always plunged right into the thick of events. He demanded action.

He was charged with such energy that he could not find room enough for it in the pages of his books; it spilled over into life. His own life was a book, a thrilling novel. The beginning of that novel is set against a remarkably picturesque—I would almost say a symbolic—decor: the crenellated walls of an ancient Kremlin—of a fortress which stood on the high bank of the river, the golden crosses and cupolas of several churches. Lower down by the water were endless sheds, warehouses, landing-places, shops; here the famous Russian fair raised its din every summer, homeric drinking bouts took

place, and millions of roubles were made. The long frock-coats of Russian merchants mingled with Asiatic robes. And then, on the opposite bank, there was a bit of Europe, a forest of factory chimneys, the flaming mouths of furnaces, the iron bodies of ships. That town, where the sixteenth and twentieth centuries existed side by side, was Nijhni-Novgorod, Gorki's birthplace. The river beside which he grew

up was the Volga, the river which had given birth to the legendary Russian rebels Stenka Rasin and Pugachev.

Gorki's autobiography covers all his early life and it would be superfluous to discuss it here. Everyone knows about his childhood; then the kaleidoscopic changes of profession that bring him close to Jack London and even to François Villon, if you transport the latter into the twentieth century and into a Russian background. What material this life offered to a future writer, what a school it was for a future revolutionary! When the first book of short stories by this romantic vagabond appeared, the astonished reader was faced, not only with a world of tramps, hitherto unknown, but with a whole system of anarchic philosophy of these mongrels of society. The workman of the house-painters' corporation: Alexei Peschkov—this was what was written in his passport—was transformed into Maxim Gorki. Given the opposition tendency of the Russian intelligentsia at that time, the political ideas of Peschkov only enhanced the unusually rapid growth of Gorki's fame. In his early thirties he was elected member of the Imperial Academy. The election was annulled by the order of the Emperor Nicholas II, who annotated the Academy's report: 'More than bizarre'.

The next chapters of the story of Gorki's life



Maxim Gorki, c. 1898
From 'La Vie Amère de Maxime Gorki',
by Grégoire Alexinsky (Arthaud, Paris)

took place abroad. He became a political refugee, and was cut off from Russia and from the Volga he loved so much. He was allowed to return to his country only a short time before the revolution of 1917. From then on he was feverishly active in the literary field: adviser to a large publishing firm, editor of a review—all that before the October Revolution. After it, he became the centre, the focus, of the Russian intelligentsia. Like Peter the Piper he whistled a magic tune at the sound of which people, intimidated by the upheaval, cold and hungry, fighting the innumerable hardships and illnesses of which they had had no idea in peace-time, silenced by the shock of contrasting loyalties, crawled out of their caves, their boldness returning. The ink in their ink-pots grew warm again, the scientists started to play again with their phials. The great prerogative of Gorki was to inspire confidence. His life had been tied up with the history of the revolution, it belonged to the revolution. He was the living biography of his era. Therefore the fact that he found himself on that side of the barricade was natural, and no one could attribute any calculating motives to him. That is why young writers constantly came to ask him for advice.

It so happened that I met both the revolution and Gorki at once. Therefore in my memory the image of Gorki is always connected with the new, post-revolutionary Russia. It was in a large study in his flat, on the Kamenny-Ostrovski Prospect in Petrograd, near the Peter and Paul fortress, one autumn evening. In the distance one could hear shooting in the street. This accompaniment was no novelty for any of us and did not disturb an animated conversation. There was a group of young writers with which I was closely associated and which Gorki particularly encouraged, called the Serapion Brothers, of *Tales of Hoffmann* tradition. They wanted to hear his verdict on their last collection of stories, and took me with them to give them courage. After a few short but frank words of criticism, he said to them: 'Always listen, but do not always obey'. This became the Serapion Brothers' unspoken motto. On this occasion, it was decided that I should give them lessons in English, for, under Gorki's influence, their general trend was: look towards the west. So, from then on, three times a week, I taught these boys English grammar, and to enliven the lessons made them sing nursery rhymes. There was something very incongruous in hearing in the cold, empty, unlit, unexpectedly Mauresque building on the Liteiny Prospect, where the Serapions assembled, their young voices join in:

Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

But they were eager to learn and made good progress. One of them even attempted to write a novel in English.

It was fascinating to listen to Gorki's talks with the young. I remember particularly clearly one about Stendhal. Gorki was a great admirer of the author of *Rouge et Noir*, who was just as much a fiend of energy as Gorki was himself: 'Try to write like Stendhal', he said, 'the true, the only heroine of Stendhal's book is will for life'. He was the first to start writing novels without tendentiously forcing

his heroes to do what they would not be likely to do, thus disfiguring reality. Some of his critics pretend that he wrote with negligence, rather as you would write a private letter to a friend. If I were to compare Stendhal's prose with letter-writing, I would call them letters into the future. No wonder he said himself with great foresight: 'They'll begin to read me in 1935'.

Another time Gorki was talking about Shakespeare. 'There again is a fountain of energy, a genius who denies with every line that literature is a relaxation. There should always be a hedgehog under a man's skull to prevent him ever being at rest'. A budding, but already verbose writer, once brought him his new novel. Gorki read it carefully and then wrote upon the manuscript in his curious print-like handwriting: 'Chekhov would have made six pages of this'. But, severe as he always was in his judgment on literature, he inevitably inspired one strong feeling in authors: you are the master; go and husband your property, called literature—it is yours.

On another occasion he said: 'Nothing "happens" any more in our literature, too much talk, emotion—no action. It is doomed to die of lack of blood circulation, it has become merely a reflection of ideology—only the subject matter can save it. This tradition exists in the west, let us bring it over here and inject it into ours, let us stop being afraid of the adventure novel, and learn all we can from it, from the Dumas, the Sternes, the Stevensons. Our literature need not fear such intrusion, it is big enough to stand this deal with her western neighbour. I do not mean by this, of course, that we should make Oblomov travel by bus', he added, with a laugh. On another manuscript he wrote: 'Not enough mystery, suspense—you knew at once when the old woman let the beggar into her hut that he would either rape or kill her'.

He loved things of beauty in all their aspects: old-fashioned jewellery, for instance. One young writer, knowing this, and wishing to discuss a personal matter which she suspected would not interest Gorki, employed a ruse: she pinned on to her blouse a beautiful old-fashioned brooch with rubies. As soon as she approached him Gorki's glance caught sight of the brooch and remained glued to it: 'Forgive me for interrupting you', he said, 'I will listen to all you have to say. But before I do that, do tell me: where did you get this fascinating brooch?'

I remember another author coming to tell Gorki about his idea for a fantastic novel which had recently taken shape in his mind. The scene of action was a stratoplane, performing interplanetary flights. A short time before the goal is reached a catastrophe occurs, and the interplanetary ship begins to fall. But it will take it eighteen months to come down. His heroes are at first thrown into a panic, but how would they behave later? That is what the author wanted to know. 'Shall I tell you how?' Gorki cunningly set his moustache into motion. 'In a week they will begin calmly to shave, write books, and behave as though they had at least another twenty years to live. And, by God, that's the way it should be. We must believe that we shall *not* be shipwrecked—or we are done for'.

And he believed it: up to the very end, in 1936, when he died.

—Third Programme

Christian Thinking in Nigeria

By JAMES WELCH

I AM on leave from the west coast of Africa, from Nigeria, which is now the largest, and potentially the richest, of our remaining British colonies. It is four times as large as our country; it has a population of well over 30,000,000. Southern Nigeria, largely Christian, and the most literate and progressive part, is now demanding freedom from British rule. It is demanding this with some violence: 'Get out', say the political leaders, 'give us back our country; we want to govern ourselves—as you govern yourselves; we demand our God-given right to freedom'.

This demand for freedom from British rule is bound to affect the Christian Church in Nigeria, because it has been so much the creation of British missionaries—perhaps of missionaries you have helped to send out, and to support—and especially during the temporary period of anti-British feeling which seems inevitable: though I would

emphasise that the feeling is not against the British, but against being ruled by the British.

Just over 100 years ago, when we abolished the slave trade, British missionaries began to enter Nigeria. They were soon followed by British government, law and order, welfare, and so on. The Christian missions were, in many parts, the pioneers in healing, schooling, and in all that is included in the word 'civilisation'. Today, four things which seemed one thing to the African in the past, four aspects of one new world brought by the white man, are being separated out—British government, trade, education, and Christianity. Britain conquered Nigeria and imported these four things. Now the educated Nigerian is shrewdly evaluating them; and he has strong convictions about each. 'British education?' (though it is not really British, but universal—it only happened to come from Britain)—'yes', says the Nigerian, 'we want that

—lots of it'. 'British government?—no, we don't want that; this is our country; we want to be free of foreign domination; we want to be free to govern ourselves'. 'British trade?—well, we want trade; and perhaps it will pay us to have British trade—on our terms; but we want trade with other countries too'. 'British Christianity?—ah, that is a deeper question'.

'Can the Christian Church in Africa be African?'—that is the question being asked in Nigeria today. Those of us who happen to be members of the Church of England—note the title, Church of England, not the Church *in* England—claim to be members of the reformed Catholic Church. Part of the reforms we accepted 400 years ago included the right to have public worship in our mother tongue—English—and to use our own Prayer Book. And, however Catholic our Prayer Book may be, it is also essentially English, not only in language, but in structure, concepts, sentiments, and so on.

'O Ye Waving Palm Trees . . .'

When our Anglican missionaries went overseas they naturally took with them our English Prayer Book, which they translated into the various African languages. But to put something so English as our Prayer Book into an African language is not to make it African. It remains obstinately English in concept and spirit. Do you remember the Benedicite? The hymn invoking praise from all created things? 'O ye frost . . . bless ye the Lord . . . O ye snow, bless ye the Lord'. It is not easy to sing that on the equator—anyhow, not for fairly primitive, illiterate people who have never heard of, let alone seen, frost and snow. I remember, twenty-three years ago, when I was a young missionary in Nigeria, reading the Benedicite in the African language in which we worshipped and coming across this translation: 'wai ifroste . . . gbe Sno—Bless ye the Lord'. It seemed silly to me. So I altered it to 'O ye waving palm trees, Bless ye the Lord'. And, because African singing is singing by one leader, followed by a chorus sung and danced out, I got the church leader to sing the different verses, and then the whole congregation—we were in the open air—sang the chorus to rhythmic dancing, 'Praise Him and magnify Him for ever', at the end of each verse. I can tell you it went with a swing!

But that was only tinkering with the surface of things. What I mean by the question 'Can the Christian Church in Africa be African?' is something very much deeper. It involves theological conceptions of God—for we, the missionaries who took Christianity to Africa, not only took it in British and Anglican dress; we thought of God in a British, western, European way. We could no more stop doing that than we could change our white skins into black ones. Making the Church in Africa African involves ways of worship. Must the African, in order to worship God, go to a building, sit in a pew, have a pulpit and lectern, follow an Anglican order of service, listen to a long sermon, have a collection taken, and so on? Must the parson wear a clerical collar, a cassock, a surplice, a hood, just because we do? Must the choir be put into choir-stalls, and into cassocks and surplices, because we do all these things in England? The religion of Islam has none of these things; yet today Islam is sweeping through western Nigeria, and making, I judge, twenty converts to every convert to Christianity. The people say it is more African, more natural, more suited to them.

These are not new questions. But they are taking on a new urgency. And they are doing this because of the rising tide of national feeling. Already we hear, from the less educated and more irrational nationalists, of a 'God of Africa' they want to worship. There is in existence what is called the National Church of Nigeria, very sub-Christian, and concerned, I think, more with nationalism than with God; it sings vindictive psalms about the enemies of Israel and applies them to Britain. This attempt to make a national Church, and this talk of the God of Africa are irrational; and both are dying out. But they are straws in the wind. While Britain rules Nigeria and that rule is resented, it is certainly wise to think about what is essential Christianity and what is merely its British dress. At a deeper level it is important that Africans should worship God in an African way—for worship is a matter of feeling and emotion and imagination, not only of the mind.

Certainly history tells us that any strong nationalistic feeling usually affects a people's way of thinking about God, and their worship. The early sixteenth century in England was marked by three things: the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the New Nationalism. Instead of shouting 'Up the men of Warwick!'—or Northumberland, Cornwall, or whatever it may be—men shouted 'Up the men of England!' It was a new cry. And the new nationalism which produced the new cry affected the course of the Reformation in this country, and also affected

the reformed Church of England and its Prayer Book. It may well be the same in Nigeria. The Christian Church there, if it is to keep in touch with the people, is bound to be affected by this new Nigerian nationalism.

There is another reason why the Church in Nigeria should face this question of being African. The Christian Church in Nigeria is the creation of the great missionary movement which spread out from England to Africa in the early nineteenth century. It is exactly 100 years ago since two Church Missionary Society missionaries from England reached Ibadan, the largest purely native town in Africa, where I live. They brought the Christian Gospel with them, and started the Christian Church there. But the nineteenth-century invasion of Africa by Christianity was the third invasion. In the fifth century, the Christian Church in North Africa was the most flourishing church in the whole of Christendom. By the end of the seventh century, it had vanished (except for the monophysite Church in Abyssinia). Why? Many historians believe it vanished because it was the religion of the conqueror, of Graeco-Roman civilisation, of the people who made the natives pay taxes. When the conqueror and tax-collector went, his religion went too: it had not taken root among the indigenous people; it had been a veneer. Again, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Portuguese brought Christianity and the Christian Church to Nigeria—to a part I know well; I have seen, in the bush, a sixteenth-century Portuguese cross, and a leaden tank. No other trace of Christianity was left by the end of the seventeenth century. Again, did Christianity die out when the people who brought it left Nigeria?

We British are about to leave Nigeria—certainly as rulers. I do not believe history will repeat itself in the same way; the Church is now almost entirely staffed and led by Africans, including three Nigerian bishops; and it is self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating. But that serious thought has to be given to separating essential universal Christianity from its British dress I am sure. This applies as much to the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches as to the Anglican. And it can be done only by African Christians. Of that I am certain. It cannot be done by Europeans. A truly African branch of the one world-wide Christian Catholic Church seems to me to be greatly needed.

Can this be achieved? Can the Christian Church in Africa be both Christian and African? My answer is: 'emphatically yes'. It will, I think, on the part of African Christians, need two things: it will need African ways of worship, and African formulations of Christian doctrine and theology; and, equally important, it will need more and more participation by African Christians in ecumenical work and conferences. The more African Church leaders can see, and talk and worship with, Christians of European countries other than Britain, and also Christians of India, China, and so on, the more they will feel themselves members of a world-wide Christian Church, and the more distinctive they will feel their African contribution can be to that universal Church.

On our part it will mean a willingness to see the Christianity we planted take shapes and forms of expression which are not native to us, and which we may not immediately approve. A greater sensitivity to new expressions of the Holy Spirit may well be demanded of us—for in this, in very truth, the Spirit may indeed blow where it listeth; which is often another way of saying that it may blow where we least expect it.—*Home Service*

Several friends and relatives of the late Stanley Baldwin were disappointed with Mr. G. M. Young's biography which was published last year. They took the view that for an official, or at least semi-official, biography the author was insufficiently sympathetic and at points even unfair to his subject. Mr. D. C. Somervell, who has written a number of books on the inter-war period, has now published an essay, *Stanley Baldwin* (Faber, 8s. 6d.), with the subtitle 'An examination of some features of Mr. G. M. Young's biography', in which he endeavours to adjust the balance. There is a foreword by the Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown and four of Baldwin's most famous speeches are reproduced from the *Official Report*. Mr. Somervell suffers from the same difficulty as Mr. Young in that, apart from Mr. Baldwin's speeches, there is little biographical material on which to draw. Consequently the argument is not so much historical as an argument *ad hominem*. Mr. Somervell makes a legitimate point about the speech of 'appalling frankness' delivered by Baldwin in November, 1936, but might have referred to Mr. Bassett's article in the *Cambridge Journal* where he dealt in detail with the most controversial passage in that speech. Mr. Somervell has certainly done well to reproduce the four speeches which give some measure of Baldwin's powers as an orator and a statesman; but one has the feeling that neither Mr. Somervell nor Mr. Young has done justice to a character who was not as simple as he seemed.

NEWS DIARY

September 23-29

Wednesday, September 23

Report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment is published

Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, calls on U.N. Assembly to include neutral countries in the conference on Korea

British and Egyptian representatives in Cairo resume informal talks about the Suez Canal Zone

Thursday, September 24

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, in a speech at U.N. Assembly, expresses cautious optimism about world affairs

General Mark Clark again demands immediate return of all United Nations' men still in Communist hands

The Home Office announces the setting up of a police council to negotiate on conditions of service

Friday, September 25

North Atlantic Treaty Council recommends a programme to correlate ammunition production of member states

A typhoon causes many deaths and much damage in Japan

Saturday, September 26

The United States and Spain sign twenty-year defence and economic agreements

The Assembly of the Council of Europe ends its session

Chancellor of Exchequer describes Government's plan for developing higher technical education

Sugar rationing ends

Sunday, September 27

Deputy Prime Minister of Persia states the interrogation of Dr. Moussadeq began nine days ago to decide whether he should be put on trial

H.M. the Queen returns to London to discuss plans for her coming Commonwealth tour

Mr. Herbert Morrison, deputy leader of the Labour Party, withdraws his nomination for the position of Party Treasurer

Monday, September 28

Labour Party conference opens at Margate

Russian reply to Note from Western Powers handed over in Moscow

Polish Primate suspended from duties by Polish Government

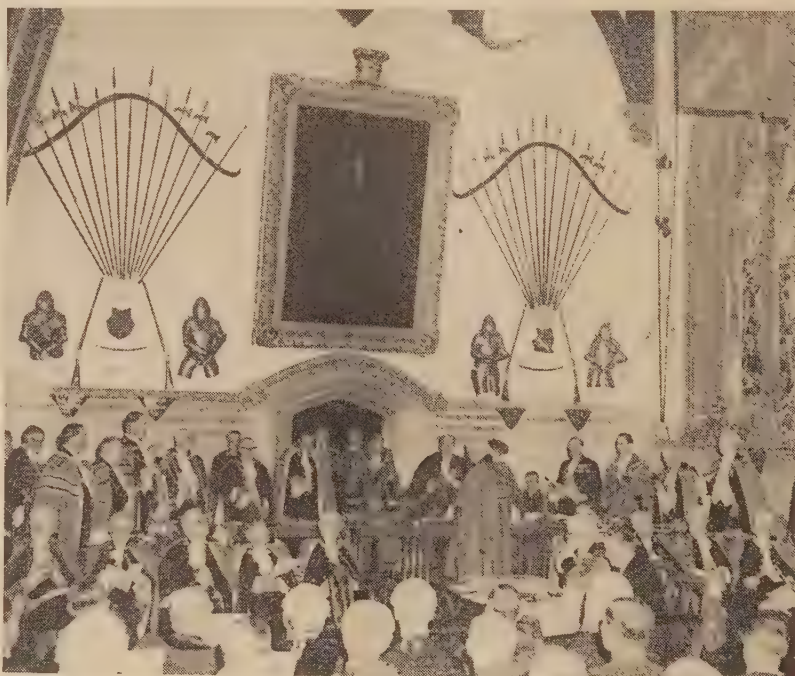
Tuesday, September 29

Labour Party conference discusses nationalisation. It agrees unanimously that the deputy leader of the Party (Mr. Morrison) shall be *ex-officio* member of the executive

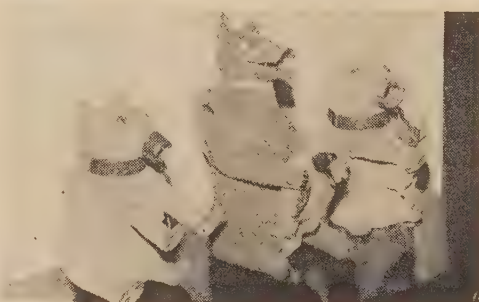
Severe earthquake tremors are felt in New Zealand



French and Viet-Nam troops going ashore north of Hue on the east coast of Indo-China during a recent mopping-up operation against Viet-Minh forces. Last week-end, M. Laniel, the French Prime Minister, in a speech at Caen, said that by proclaiming the independence of the three associated states of Indo-China and by negotiating American aid to equip the French army the situation had been 'profoundly modified'



The scene in Dover's Maison Dieu (adjoining the Town Hall) on September 24 when the Barons of the Cinque Ports held Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling. The last time the meeting was held was on the occasion of the Coronation of King George VI in 1937



Left: among the exhibits at the Antique Dealers' Fair at Chelsea Town Hall: three beer jugs made in Lambeth in 1800 when bear-baiting was still a popular sport



The west Berlin police display what they call the 'Berlin Wall' September 20. The photo shows the wall as it appeared when it was first built



Students of the London Dance which they will perform at the end of the year



The signing of the Spanish-American defence agreement in Madrid on September 26. Left to right (seated), General Kissner (head of the U.S. military mission); Señor Manuel Arburua (Spanish Minister of Trade); Mr. George Train (head of the Mutual Security Agency) and Mr. James Dunn (the U.S. Ambassador)



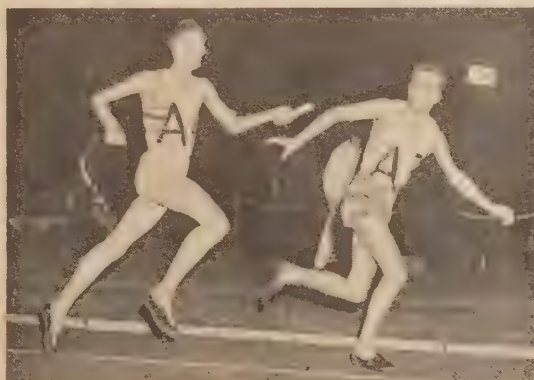
their annual display in the city's Olympic Stadium on September 25. The photograph was taken during the torchlight tattoo which ended the display. One of the 90,000 spectators held a lighted candle



of Educational Dance rehearsing the Tyrolean Garland in the All Nations Cavalcade of Song and Dance at the Royal Albert Hall on October 4



Lieutenant-Commander M. F. I. making an attempt on the world air speed record in a Supermarine Swift over the Libyan desert on September 25. His claim to have achieved a speed of 737.3 miles an hour (an average of 9.7 miles an hour faster than the official record set up by Squadron-Leader Neville Duke earlier in the month) has been submitted for confirmation



Left: in the athletics meeting between Great Britain and Sweden held by floodlight at the White City on September 23, the British team set up a new world record in an international 4 x 1,500 metres relay race against Sweden and Germany. The photograph shows G. Pirie handing the baton to G. W. Nankeville in the last stage of the race



A helicopter spraying insecticide over the beach at Worthing, Sussex, last Friday. Seaweed, washed ashore by the gales earlier in the week, had decayed and become a breeding-ground for flies

Party Political Broadcast

The Conservative Government after Two Years

By the Rt. Hon. SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, G.C.V.O., Q.C., M.P.,
Home Secretary, and Minister for Welsh Affairs

IN a month's time* the Conservative Government will have been in office for two years. So I propose to speak tonight about some of the things the Conservative Government has done during the past two years, and in doing so I want to refer to one or two points made, or not made, by Mr. Attlee in his cautiously selective performance of a week ago.

First, let me say a word about foreign affairs. Two years ago the socialists used as the sharpest weapon in their election armoury against the Conservative Party the fear of war. You'll remember their war-mongering campaign. It was effective because at that time there was indeed a real risk of another world war. Today Labour's election tactics are discredited and shown up in their full irresponsibility, because the danger now appears to have receded. If the danger has receded, it is, in no small measure, the consequence of the continuous efforts in the cause of peace of Her Majesty's Government.

In Korea the deadlock on prisoners of war has been broken. An armistice has been signed. The shooting has ceased. Many of the prisoners of war are now home with their families. We're proud of the part played by British and Commonwealth troops in upholding in Korea the United Nations principle of collective security. We can also be proud of the part which this country has played in seeking an honourable end to hostilities. Complex negotiations lie ahead. All our patience and skill—and all the patience and skill of our allies—will be needed if we're to obtain an enduring settlement of peace and stability in south-east Asia. We won't hesitate to make clear our views and give a lead where we can profitably do so. Great Britain's contribution to peace and security will ensure that our words are heeded. But we should beware lest we weaken the impact of our advice by lecturing or maligning our allies. Neither they nor we have a monopoly of wisdom.

Mr. Attlee told you last week how he welcomed the initiative of Sir Winston Churchill in proposing a conference of the four Great Powers on the highest level. His conversion and that of his party are pleasing. Once again, they've decided that Sir Winston Churchill is right after all. When, in 1950, Sir Winston had put forward a similar proposal, it was labelled a 'stunt'. In 1951, he was an object of the charge of war-mongering. Now his proposal is the one platform upon which all socialists can meet without squabbling. But the petulant and querulous impatience which they now show for such a conference ill becomes a party which for so long resisted even the conception of such an idea. At the recent Foreign Ministers' meeting in Washington, which Lord Salisbury attended as Acting Foreign Secretary, a definite step forward was made towards bringing Russia into talks with the west. Unanimous agreement was reached to invite the Soviet Union to join a four-power conference of Foreign Ministers in order to discuss the problem of German unity and the Austrian treaty. The invitation has now been sent. We await the reply.

The proposed conference will deal with matters of the highest importance. At the heart of divided Europe lies a divided Germany. The purpose of the proposed conference of Foreign Ministers is to clear away this stumbling block to a lasting settlement in Europe. If this high

purpose could be fulfilled, the way would be opened to talks of wider scope. The conference is an essential prelude, no substitute, for discussions of yet greater importance.

As Mr. Attlee himself has said: 'When the logs are jammed in the river, one must begin by extricating a single log or one or two logs in the hope that thereby the whole mass may move'. I think you'll agree that some fairly considerable logs have been extricated over the past two years. The deadlock in Korea has been broken and the prisoners are home. The physical and moral war in Malaya is being won. The differences with Egypt have been narrowed by patient negotiation. The Sudan is entering on a new era of freedom. Most important of all, the danger of world war has receded and a new spirit of confidence is abroad—a confidence at least partly engendered by the patient and skilful contribution of the British Government in the cause of peace and by their determined support, which must continue, to the growing united strength of the free people.

Now let me turn to home affairs. Here, also, things are better, but still many grave problems remain to be solved. When the Conservatives took office in October, 1951, the country was within a few months of bankruptcy. Then, we were overspending abroad at the rate of more than £2,000,000 a day: now, our balance of payments is once more in surplus and we're paying our way. Two years ago we were losing our gold and dollar reserves fast: now, and over the last twelve months, they have been slowly and steadily rising again.

I don't deny that we were helped in this achievement by the improvement that has taken place in the terms of trade, but that didn't do the whole job. Much of the achievement is the direct result of the steps taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when this Government took office, and in his two Budgets. But it was not merely a balance of payments crisis with which we were faced two years ago. We also inherited at home an inflation. In the last year of socialism, the cost of living had risen by twelve per cent. At the time of the General Election, we said in our policy statement, *Britain Strong and Free*, that this socialist inflation could only be halted 'by immense efforts and after some time'. Prices did in fact continue to rise for nine months after the socialists left office, but now our economic policy has helped to bring them under control. Since June, 1952, fifteen months ago, prices have risen by less than one-and-a-half per cent. During the year 1951, which ended in the defeat of the socialist Government, the price index which measures these things rose from 117 points to 132, or thirteen per cent. During 1952, it rose from 132 to 138, or only four-and-a-half per cent. That shows, I think you'll agree, a real improvement, and how Mr. Attlee can make the extraordinary statement last week that it rose more in 1952 than in 1951, I do not know. Last month, the Retail Price Index actually fell a point.

I'd also like to take Mr. Attlee to task for saying that food prices here have risen while world prices are falling. That seems to me either too simple or too clever, whichever way you look at it. Throughout 1952 and so far this year, our imports of food have been more expensive

than they were in 1951. But the world price of other commodities has fallen. And you can't expect a fall in the price of copper, for instance, to make your meat cheaper.

In this matter of food prices, as in all other matters, we must be comparative. Since June, 1952, they've risen by less than three per cent. compared with fourteen-and-a-half per cent. in the last year of Mr. Attlee's Government. Moreover, such increases as there have been in food prices must be set against the falls in the last two years in prices of other goods; to mention only a few, clothing, furnishings, and many household articles. Another way in which the rise in food prices has been counterbalanced is by the raising of family allowances and the rates of pensions and other social benefits, and by the reductions in taxation both direct and indirect in the two Conservative Budgets. Some of the money saved by the lessening of the food subsidies has gone to secure better rates of pension and benefit for those most in need.

Now look at production. In the three months before the socialists left office, unemployment in the textile and clothing industries trebled, and when we took over the world-wide textile slump was well under way. The fall in textile production, combined with our export difficulties, accounted for the fall in national production in 1952 of which Mr. Attlee spoke. But he's out of date. He didn't complete the story. He did not mention that for the last year production has been increasing, and that in 1953 it has reached new record levels.

Production in agriculture is also rising. We are getting more food from our own farms. The socialists left production stationary, about forty-three per cent. above the level of pre-war. Now, two years later, it is fifty-one per cent. above pre-war and well on the way towards our target of sixty per cent. We accept that the guarantees of price which the farmers enjoy are a major factor in the achievement of this expansion. But we do not accept that these guarantees can only be provided through the rigid system of control and allocation, with prices fixed by the Government at every stage in the distribution process, which was maintained by our predecessors. We want to introduce a little freedom in this field, as in others. And we are perfectly satisfied that this can be done without detracting in any way from the value of the guarantees.

I now want to speak for a moment about the things Mr. Attlee didn't mention at all. The first of these—I think I can understand the reasons for his silence—is housing. He and his colleagues can hardly be unaware, so soon after their six years of responsibility, of the great social misery and distress that the housing shortage has caused and is still causing. But we are doing our best to relieve it. We're fulfilling our election pledge and are now building at a rate of 300,000 houses a year. This is half as many again as were being built under the Labour Government: 100,000 extra families are getting homes this year who would otherwise have remained homeless.

This progress in housing is not at the expense of school building. More schools have been completed in the last twenty months under the Conservative Government than in six years under the Labour Government. More money is being spent on factories.

What else did Mr. Attlee forget? Mr. Attlee did not say how glad he was that the socialist prophecies of mass unemployment and industrial unrest have been falsified by recent figures. He did not tell you that we were eating as a nation fifty per cent. more meat and twenty-four per cent. more bacon than in 1951, and more sweets than any other country in the world.

Last week Mr. Attlee spoke about the new Labour Party policy statement, *Challenge to Britain*. He said it makes 'no catch-penny appeal to the thoughtless but makes a sober appeal to thoughtful men and women of all classes'. What Mr. Attlee didn't tell you, of course, is that the Labour Party is as divided on this matter as they are on everything else, and when he says *Challenge to Britain* makes 'a sober appeal to thoughtful men and women', his view is very far from being shared even by his own immediate colleagues. Mr. Maurice Webb, who was a Minister in Mr. Attlee's Government, thinks so little of the document which Mr. Attlee commended to you, that only last month he wrote in a Sunday newspaper that *Challenge to Britain* was—and here are Mr. Webb's own words—'a bleak, unimaginative, uninspired document. The best thing the Margate Conference can do is to throw it out—every platitude and cliché'.

But Mr. Webb is not the only socialist critic

of this document which Mr. Attlee says makes 'a sober appeal to thoughtful men and women'. Mr. Anthony Crosland, Labour Member for Gloucestershire South, said that its proposals in regard to the social services 'are impracticable'. Mr. Ralph Morley, Labour Member for the Itchen Division of Southampton, said its educational proposals 'are not an advance to social equality, but a retreat from it'. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the socialist economist, speaking of the proposals for capital investment, described them as 'stark impossibility'. I do not know whether these colleagues of Mr. Attlee's are thoughtful men or not, but *Challenge to Britain* seems to have made little appeal to them. There's not time to deal with the reception of its proposals by the T.U.C.: you will have seen that in the press.

No, I am convinced that the policy set out in this document is a blueprint for disaster. It offers a return to all the old failures; more controls (and permanent ones), more officials, more bulk buying, more restrictions of all kinds, more austerity, and more nationalisation. And a very expensive return it would be—at least £500,000,000 a year. Has anyone thought how this sum could be raised? Mr. Attlee could find the money by a large increase of income tax, or trebling all the rates of purchase tax, or raising the price of cigarettes to nearly 6s. a packet.

But he doesn't tell us. Perhaps he is wiser not to.

The real challenge that the people of this country must face is how we are going to pay our way in the harshly competitive world conditions that are now arising after the easy trading of the immediate post-war years. Conservatives believe that what we have now got to do is, while maintaining the social services, to create a free-enterprise way of life—an opportunity state—which means a free and prosperous economy where each one of us has the chance to see his work improve the position of his family. We shan't succeed if we tackle twentieth-century problems with nineteenth-century clichés like nationalisation, restriction, and the all-powerful state. We've cleared up much of the mess of socialism and we want to go onward and create, and not just clear up.

The success of our creation will depend greatly on our relationship with the Empire and Commonwealth. During the past two years much has been done to improve economic, political, and personal relationships, but this work must be encouraged and accelerated. The new age requires opportunity and creative power at home and vision abroad. But the condition of their existence is a free society which places the dignity of the human spirit in front of the all-powerful state.

Autumn Work in the Garden

By F. H. STREETER

TAKE advantage of fine days and evenings to get your potatoes lifted and stored. There is nothing to be gained by leaving them in the ground any longer, once the haulm has died down; trim this off and burn before starting to lift the tubers and then you will have nothing to get in your way. Remember that once the haulm has died down, your potatoes will neither get any bigger nor improve: rather the reverse, and if slugs are about they soon attack and spoil any amount of them, and generally the best ones, too. You will find the skins are now set but, even so, do not treat them roughly as they can still bruise easily. Should it rain or the ground be wet, wait until it is fit again; never lift potatoes in wet weather.

Leave the tubers on the ground for a few hours—but not overnight—to dry before storing. Place those for use in a heap in the shed and dust a little powdered lime between each layer and then cover the whole heap with straw or bracken—not bags or anything close. Set up in boxes those required for seed; the light will not hurt them: in fact, they are better if they go a little green. If you place the largest tubers fit for baking in a heap by themselves it will save you time trying to pick them out later—but please keep them covered with straw.

Onions should be harvested without delay once the tops have gone down. Lift by thrusting a fork under the bulbs, half lifting them; but I expect you will find they come quite easily now. Lay them in rows, the roots facing the sun. I should put three rows together and hoe the soil as you clean each row; there are bound to be many seedling weeds and the hoeing will help to make the surface soil dry and clean. Allow them to stay about three or four days in this position; sometimes it is better to give them a turn, but not often. Then collect for tying, or hanking, as it is called, just like those French lads that bring them round on their bicycles. Remember onions will stand the cold weather all right, but always handle them carefully.

You must watch your outdoor tomatoes now.

Remember, just a touch of frost and they are finished, so it would be best to cut the stems and hang them up in as warm a place as you have, and pick the fruits as they colour; once you see the colour they will finish safely if picked. There is no need to lift the roots.

To get really good spring cabbage you must get the young plants out at once to give them a chance to get nicely rooted before the ground becomes cold. Select a piece of firm ground in good heart, lightly fork it over and give it eight ounces of lime to the square yard. You want to have well-rooted, sturdy plants to get through the winter, so they must be tough. Draw drills four inches deep and twenty-four inches apart and allow eighteen inches between the plants. I know it seems a lot of room, but they will manage that all right, and it is so much better for hoeing and keeping the ground clean, and means you can get amongst them. Please watch your plants to see they are perfectly healthy. Let the plant just sit on top of the soil in the four-inch drill; that is far better than putting them in on the level. Plant very firmly, and notice the difference between them and those poor things sticking up on four or five inches of drawn legs, whipped by the wind and rain: you will never grow a decent cabbage like that.

I think every garden, however small, should have a cold frame. They are not costly and anyone can soon knock one up—a few boards and some glass, and there you are. Look at the number of plants that need just that little bit of protection. I should put it on the most sheltered spot you have and fairly close to the house, where you can easily slip on a little covering at night should it start to freeze.

Mix up a compost of sandy loam, peat, or leaf soil and fill it to about twelve inches from the top near the glass and make it nice and firm. In a small garden, a couple of dozen plants of one sort is generally all you want. Have a plank to kneel on as it is more comfortable and you will not get your knees damp.

Let us reserve the cold frame for cuttings that

can go in now. First of all, penstemons: select the best colours you have to take the cuttings from. They root very easily. Take young, healthy shoots five to six inches long and make a clean cut just below a joint; remove the two bottom leaves. Make small holes in the soil four inches apart with a little stick about the size of a respectable pencil and always make certain that every cutting, no matter when and where, rests on a firm base—also that it has not got a hollow stem—and that it is firmly pressed into the soil. Never jab the stem with the stick: a lot of plants are killed right away when this happens.

Next come the calceolarias. How these have come back during the past season! I thought they had nearly gone, but not a bit of it. They will root quickly and keep in perfect condition throughout the winter. Never try to propagate a diseased cutting.

Then come the violas and what lovely things these are. In a small garden where you have a few fruit trees you can clothe the ground with them; but do not spray your trees without covering the violas over. Select the young shoots made this summer; do not try to root the old flowering shoots just because they look stronger, for they will never make good plants.

There is one thing you really must have in your frames, and that is violets. Try to arrange a frame for them alone. If you have not any stock, buy a few; they are most reasonable in price and very easy to cultivate. They must have light and air, so never shut the light right down, even if it is freezing and you have covered up. Keep the runners picked off during the autumn and winter, and always lightly prick over the surface soil with a pointed stick and remove all dead and yellowed leaves. Water the plants in when you have finished planting—that will start them growing. Use plenty of leaf soil in your compost and you will be surprised to see how quickly they root into it; and, should you have a warm bank or a sheltered spot, try a few of the single white, blues, and pink.—*Home Service*



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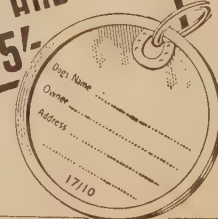
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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Illness and the Man

Sir,—Mrs. Margaret Knight rightly resists the use of the term 'psychosomatic illness' to cover all types of illness, but are the limits of her own definition sufficiently strict? She writes that the term 'is commonly used to denote an illness involving the body that cannot be satisfactorily treated by physical methods alone'. This definition would embrace most of the psychoneuroses and most of the psychoses; almost every one has its physical symptomatology. It would certainly embrace hysteria with its distinctive physical manifestations. That these latter are without structural lesions is nothing to the point. Surely the term was created (however loose the philology might be) to refer to structural disorders created by emotional disturbances which are not necessarily psychoneurotic or psychotic.

Once again, the clamant need for strict definition of psychological terms is illustrated,

Yours, etc.,

York

KENNETH MACKENZIE

Local History

Sir,—I am grateful for the editorial notice, in THE LISTENER of September 24, of my talk on local history and its implications; and I wholeheartedly share your view of the great importance of the *Victoria History of the Counties of England*, both under the past editorship of Mr. L. F. Salzman and the present editorship of Mr. R. B. Pugh, in raising the standards of local history.

There is much, however, in your provocative editorial with which I disagree. This is not the place to argue it at length, but you will perhaps allow me to make two or three comments. It is unfair to juxtapose, as you do, the trivialities of Little Puddlecombe-under-the-Marsh with the origins of the British constitution or with successful research into foreign archives. I should be sorry if my talk, which was concerned with one very limited aspect of English local history, led anyone to suppose that human nature in the parish of Middle was the highest kind of scholarship one could hope for in the study of local history. If we are to make comparisons between the quality and value of local history and other kinds of history, it would be fairer to speak of erudite and accomplished books like Hill's *Medieval Lincoln* or MacDermot's *History of the Forest of Exmoor*.

I agree that much local history that is published exhibits all the defects you mention. Too many local historians fail to perceive the fundamental questions they should be engaged in answering. All facts about the past have for them an equal value; and their 'histories' therefore become a series of chapters without any unifying central theme, and each chapter an assembly of more or less unrelated facts without any redeeming narrative. But the best local historians perceive these dangers and do their best to overcome them by employing the art and technique that are—or should be—common to all historians.

The successful study of English local history is not necessarily easier than the successful study of any other kind of history if one is aware of the fundamental problems of the subject and is trying to answer them. One could say much about the philosophical objectives of English local history, and how one thinks they might be attained, but I will forbear from wearying your

readers with an argument that requires a chapter to expound it properly.

As to studying local history without leaving one's armchair, I am left breathless at the monstrous suggestion that any reputable local historian should be thought capable of it. Some of his most valuable material lies in the field, often historical information for which no documentary evidence has ever existed. All good local historians are aware of this also, and walk their towns and parishes over and over again before committing themselves to writing. To one like myself, who has scrambled miles along the boundaries of Saxon charters, explored deserted village sites all over the Midlands, and penetrated on foot to the remote ruins of medieval farmhouses on Dartmoor—to suggest that local history is written from an armchair is to inflict an almost mortal wound.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

W. G. HOSKINS

Sir,—Your remarks on local history in THE LISTENER of September 24 call for comment. As Dr. Hoskins points out, the subject has recently developed in our universities and learned societies and in our schools into one of great importance, and is increasingly recognised by thoughtful people as an instrument of culture. The study has now become a highly organised science, based on the sciences of history (not the old-fashioned limited type), geography, geology, and biology, and dependent also on mathematics for its necessary precise calculations and measurements. It involves the study of primitive and medieval arts and crafts, tools, buildings, furniture, not only in our own country, but all over the world. In fact, local research aims at discovering, by independent and co-operative labour, and slow and patient attention to detail, what people were like in our country at different periods, right back to pre-history, and how they lived. This should be recognised as no small contribution to the study of history, which after all aims at the discovery of truth.

The modern student of local history undertakes no trivial or amusing task. He wades through masses of original material, perhaps learns to read medieval MSS., studies old maps and surveys, and constantly has to check up on his reading by field-work and reference to modern authorities. The recently published *Domesday Geography of Eastern England* (to be followed by other volumes on the rest of England) by H. C. Darby (C.U.P.) is an example of such authorities.—Yours, etc.,

Taunton

V. M. EDMONDS

(Member of Somerset Archaeological and Natural History Society)

The Price of Oil

Sir,—I did not question the fact that the re-entry into the world of the Persian crude oil would present a problem. I asked why the resumption of the Persian oil supplies should not result in lowering the price. In the second paragraph of his letter (the first imputes to me opinions I neither expressed nor hold), Mr. Davies tackles my question. He admits that the factor which 'above all' governs the amount of 'its raw material' the oil industry can handle 'at any given moment' is 'consumer demand'. I ask: Is not this demand related to price?

He next tells us that because oil comes from many different sources, 'increase of production in one particular source . . . does not materially affect the average level of costs of production throughout the world'. The same could be said of, say, wheat but the consumer does not look at it from this point of view, and of course Mr. Davies' statement is very disputable, for it can certainly be argued that as world consumption of a commodity increases a number of factors come into the picture which may and often do lower the cost: e.g., air transport. Leaving apart the legality of the proceedings, some Japanese and Italians seem quite interested in cut-price Persian oil.

I would put this question to Mr. Davies: If the new Persian Government said to the Anglo-Iranian Company 'Take back your business', are we to suppose that the directors of Anglo-Iranian would refuse to try to market the oil—even at the risk of a slight fall in world prices?

As regards the recent price movements of oil about which I asked for news, Mr. Davies admits that the 'world structure' (as he calls it) within which the oil companies operate can be criticised on the grounds that it 'fails to take into account certain relevant factors in present-day oil economics'. May not this mysterious sentence contain, if not the milk in the coco-nut, the oil in Persia?

Finally, in reply to Mr. Davies' question as to whether I know 'any other industry which has made so large a capital investment, and to such good effect, in economy and efficiency for no other reason than to keep prices down' (my italics), I would first remark that this observation seems to prove my point that increase of production should bring prices down and so fulfil the heart's desire (I gather) of all oil companies. In answer to his question, my favourite candidate for this noble objective is the atomic-bomb industry. Here we have a vast capital investment designed to produce an end-product which if ever used will be delivered free to the largest possible number of consumers . . . particularly perhaps the oil-fields.—Yours, etc.,

Bordon

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Portraits from Memory

Sir,—In support of Bertrand Russell's view of Bernard Shaw:

(1) If Shaw had been really worried by the thought that animals were being bred and slaughtered for his convenience he would have avoided the milk and eggs of his 'vegetarian' diet, and given up the wearing of woollen suits and leather shoes. All these productions involve precisely the same cruelties as the eating of steaks.

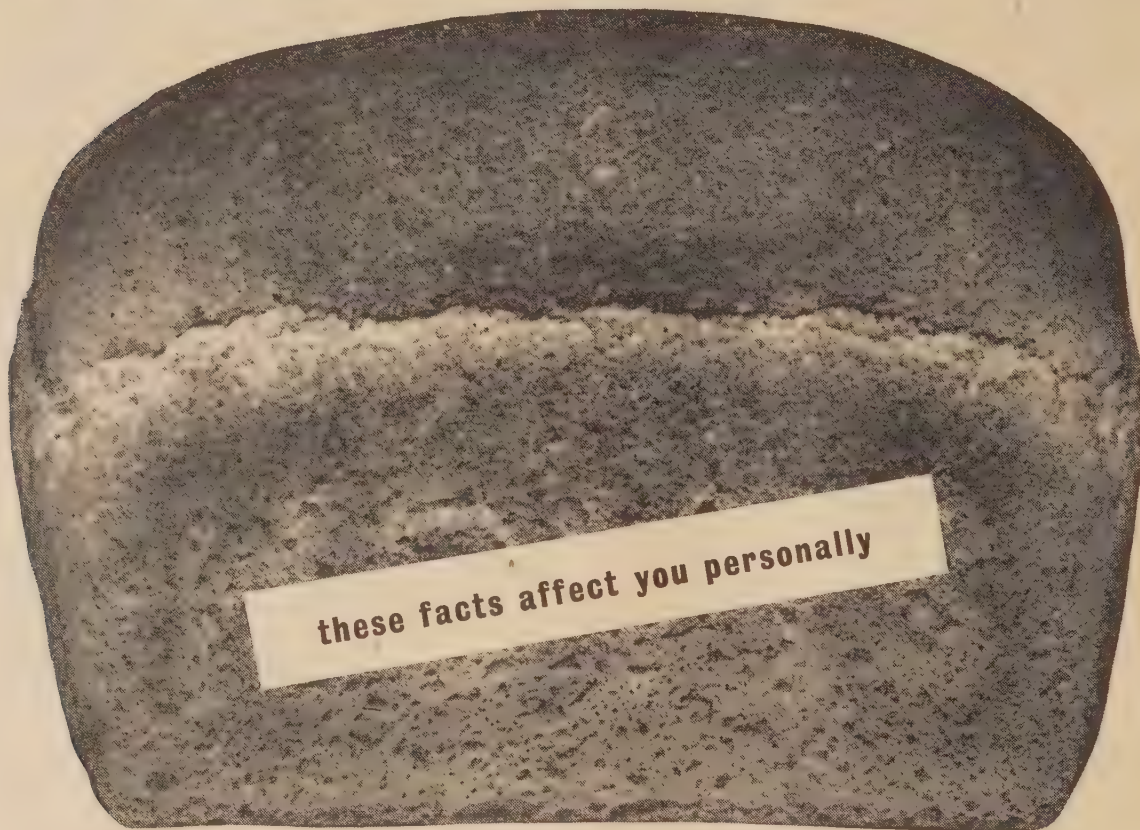
(2) It is a very open secret that in his later years Shaw suffered from pernicious anaemia. The only known counter to this is the orthodox medical treatment of swallowing large amounts of animal liver products. Shaw swallowed them.

(3) Pavlov's experiments were extremely cruel; they were also extremely intelligent, original, and fruitful in explaining the action of all animal minds, including man's. Shaw's attack on them resembled that of one who would dismiss Newton by saying that by much reasoning he had proved what every child knows: that apples drop off trees.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

DENIS BROWNE

BREAD is our staple food



You now have a free choice of bread. Even if you're the most casual reader of newspapers, even if you glance only occasionally at a magazine, you've probably read the opinions of three or four different journalists on this subject, and as no two of them ever seem to think alike, you might wonder what all the arguing is about.

To understand the thing properly you have to start at the wheat which is the basis of bread, and to realise that the making of flour is not quite so simple as it looks. Even a single grain of wheat is not a simple thing—small though it is, it is made up of many different parts, some of which are better suited to the feeding of animals than to the nourishment of human beings. So the miller's job is not just to grind the wheat grains into powder, but to break them up in such a way that he can separate and sort the different parts. Each can then be used for the purpose to which it is best suited. Broadly speaking, the main constituents of a wheat grain are:

1

The starchy white kernel—the technical people call it endosperm—which is the only part used in the manufacture of pure white flour.

2

The bran, which is composed of the six layers of skin on the grain. This is mostly used for the manufacture of animal feeding stuffs.

3

The germ, which might be compared with the yolk of an egg, for it is the embryo of new life. If the grain is sown in the ground it is the germ which will

develop into the new plant. It is this part, incidentally, which contains a high proportion of the wheat's food value.

The miller, then, has to separate these things from each other and make the flour in the way which he thinks will best please the baker and, more important, you who will buy and eat the bread. He mills the grain, in fact, according to any one of a number of standards and leaves the choice to you. These standards differ, but here are a few of them:

Pure white flour. The bran has gone. The germ has gone, too—and this is a pity, for with it have gone important elements of the wheat, and a very pleasant flavour. To make up for these dietary losses the flour may be “fortified” with vitamins and other nutrients, real or synthetic.

“National” flour. Some, but not all, of the bran and germ have gone. The loss of the bran worries some expert dieticians, pleases others, but they mostly agree that the low germ content is a disadvantage.

Wholemeal. Just what it sounds—the whole meal, or wheat berry, ground to a powder, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

Hovis flour. The bran has gone to do its most useful job, that of feeding the animals. The germ goes too, but only temporarily. At one point in its manufacture the flour is in its natural creamy state—unbleached of course—and then the important things start happening. The germ, which you remember contains so much of the wheat's natural goodness and flavour, is cooked by a special process to prevent deterioration; it is then put back into the flour. More than that, many times more germ is added to make it richer still.

Nature's Best

Well, it's going to be entirely up to you to choose your standard. Bread of any kind is a valuable food, possessing as it does, body building properties and providing abundant energy. We don't try to hide the fact that this announcement is made with the intention of influencing your choice—because we sincerely believe that nature's best is still the very best. But whatever you do, remember that bread is a staple part of your diet; choose carefully.

Hovis Limited OCTOBER, 1953.

Sir,—Bertrand Russell, in his portrait of Santayana (*THE LISTENER*, September 24), has lent confirmation to Santayana's portrait of him. Speaking, in his last book, of the charm of Russell's conversation, with 'the sense of security that his faultless memory and universal knowledge gave in regard to any information' he might vouchsafe, Santayana adds: 'This information, though accurate, was necessarily partial, and brought forward in a partisan argument; he couldn't know, he refused to consider everything; so that his judgments, nominally based on that partial information, were really inspired by passionate prejudice and were always unfair and sometimes mad'.

Are the stories of button-boots and the rescue from the Germans of a philosopher's winter underclothing really so important or illuminating? Aristotle also is said to have been a bit of a dandy. What is it to us that anyone should once have seen Shelley plain if something about his poetry had not made us long to have known him ourselves? In truth, there was much more of Conrad's tragic sense of life in Santayana than Lord Russell's imperfect sympathies enabled him to perceive. 'There is nothing so foolish', V. S. Pritchett has well remarked, 'as the belief that those who control their feelings have weak feelings or none at all'. But since he was a real 'lover of wisdom' his vision was not bounded by the accident of temperamental bias; and while as a professor he had tried always to be fair and to 'teach history like a gentleman', 'to give all facts their due, not to forget things once discovered and understood, and not to leave illusions and vices comfortably unchallenged', he also perceived that 'a philosophy is a declaration of policy in the presence of the facts' and that 'love of truth is a form of courage'; and so he worked ceaselessly to widen and deepen the perspective upon the universe imposed by his station in it, and was so engaged almost up to the time of his death last year. In face of that death, in ghastly pain, and tormented by horrible nightmares, he found nothing radical to alter. Five days before he died he told his secretary: 'My anguish is entirely physical: there are no moral difficulties whatever'.

The uninitiated listener would never guess from Lord Russell's disparaging memories that Santayana had also left some splendid poetry, and Biblical criticism of a high order, as well as the enchanting memoirs from which I have quoted. Unfortunately they are not yet all available in England.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1

PHILIP LANE

Science for Its Own Sake

Sir,—I did not say that Dante put Ulysses in Hell for his presumption and impiety as an explorer of the lands beyond the Pillars of Hercules. I agree with Sir Robert Fraser that he is there because of the unrepented sin of fraud: he helped trick the Trojans with the Horse. But here, as everywhere else, Dante is showing us how the final position of a soul in the After-world follows from its state at death. Ulysses, corrupted by his past, describes his last voyage: the presumption and impiety that are involved in it, and the Nemesis that results, are evoked so vividly that I did not think further comment necessary. I had hoped that the quotation would speak for itself against Sir Edward Appleton's use of Dante's words.

I do not know why Sir Robert Fraser calls Limbo the abode of the meritorious. In the world which Dante shows us the meritorious are either purging themselves of the stains that they have left, or are in their final abode of Paradise. He certainly honoured Aristotle and the other heathen men of genius, but his unsentimental valuation of the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake forced him to place them in just that

Elysium which they had desired, in which their sufficient punishment was to be cut off from all hope for the True Life. It is his genius as a poet to make us *feel* that their positioning is just, in spite of our admiration for them.

The case of Ulysses is different, though, and I suspect that Sir Robert has mistaken his own admiration of him for the poet's. In his last voyage (in Dante's poem, at least) Ulysses is distinguished from Aristotle and the pagan thinkers in that, though they genuinely pursued knowledge for its own sake, he deceives both himself and others in professing to do so. He deceives himself about his motives when he justifies as 'the ardour to gain experience of the world, and of human vice and worth' his refusal to take care of his wife, son, and aged father. And the irony of the famous words, 'Consider your origin: you were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge', is that when Ulysses utters them it is to persuade himself and his shipmates to set out on an enterprise which is nothing of the kind, and which is to bring disaster upon them all. (He admits later that it was just a foolish flight.) In Dante's eyes he has professed the noble aims of science while doing something which was inimical to all connected with him. This is why I did not wish Sir Edward's quotation to stand in the context which he gave it.—Yours, etc.,
Sawbridgeworth

MICHAEL SHAYER

Rodin's 'Burghers of Calais'

Sir,—Mr. Pasmore's letter in *THE LISTENER* of September 24 seems to have no substantial connection with mine of September 17. The word 'approval' does not occur and nothing is approved in my letter. Mr. Pasmore's letter seems to be concerned with 'Rodin's original conception' to which my letter made no reference.

My object was to suggest that 'the first thing to do is to reproduce, as far as possible, the conditions prevailing when the statue was erected in Westminster'—in or about the year 1914. If and when that is done, there may be a better chance than is now possible (the statue being now almost invisible) for a judgment as to its site, etc.

The words 'present position' in Mr. Ohly's letter seem to imply that the position of the statue has been altered since it was first erected. This is not the case, as far as I know.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

JOHN PEDDER

'First Reading'

Sir,—The present series of 'First Reading', the Third Programme literary magazine, comes to an end this month, and the B.B.C. has invited me to edit the next series. I am anxious to receive original contributions (from writers young and old, known and unknown) and these should be sent to The Editor, First Reading, B.B.C., London, W.1. Main requirements are:

- (1) Short stories of between 1,500 and 2,500 words. These may be on any theme, but should deal with the concrete rather than the abstract, with descriptions of events rather than states of mind.
- (2) Travel pieces of between 1,200 and 1,500 words, provisionally entitled 'People and Places'. The object of this is to encourage writers to recreate in personal terms a particular feeling evoked by the experience of some person or place. Imaginative insight is what I am looking for here, not just factual reporting.
- (3) Poetry, consisting preferably of two or more poems from the same writer, the whole to equal a reading time of not more than ten minutes.

It is intended also to include, as a form of criticism, a parody, of not more than 400 words, of some well-known contemporary writer, for

which contributions are invited. The writer chosen for the first parody is Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1 LUDOVIC KENNEDY

Pit Ponies

Sir,—Mr. J. L. Hodson in his very interesting reminiscent talk, 'New Shapes For Old', suggests that it is a different world now in various ways, and says 'there is not a pit pony in all Lancashire, and . . . not a blind pit pony anywhere'. That is perfectly true, but even in the early nineteen-twenties there were very few pit ponies in Lancashire. In 1930, the Lancashire coal mines employed only 309 ponies as against 13,579 in Durham, 11,341 in South Wales, and nearly 50,000 in all the coalfields of the United Kingdom. Lancashire has been a model coalfield from our point of view for over twenty-five years.

Scotland used 1,582 ponies in the pits in 1930, but now employs only 153, but 6,317 and 2,249 were employed in the pits of Durham and Northumberland, respectively, in 1951, while 3,386 were used in Yorkshire and 15,858 in the U.K. mines as a whole in the same year.

We strongly feel that to employ 15,858 horses and ponies in mines is a national disgrace.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

D. JEFFREY WILLIAMS

Secretary

Pit Ponies' Protection Society

Spotting the Winner

Sir,—Mr. Colton's letter (*THE LISTENER*, September 17) is surely incomplete and misleading. I have not travelled much by rail recently in this country, but I believe that a number of main routes still contain considerable sections of 44-foot track (and very occasionally other lengths too). Novices unaware of this might frequently, by following Mr. Colton's advice, clock 'speeds' considerably in excess of their correct value. Where the rails are 44 feet long, the speed in m.p.h. is the number of rail-joints passed over in 30 seconds; the period of 40.9 seconds is valid only for 60-foot track.

It is not difficult to tell the two rail-lengths apart. Assuming that the timer is in a standard-type coach, which has two four-wheel bogies, and is not either at the very end of the last coach or the very front of the first, he will hear a 'tiddeley-pom-tiddeley-pom' rhythm (as in the Scherzo of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony) when the rails are 60-foot long, and an uninterrupted 'I - am - the - very - model - of - a - modern - major - general' rhythm when they are 44-foot. In the latter case there is no gap, and he must realise that there are four 'beats' to each rail-joint. He will soon find that he can readily identify the rail-length.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.16

'STOP-WATCH'

The Negro in the United States

Sir,—My talk on 'The Negro in the United States' was done entirely unscripted, which meant that the B.B.C. had to reconstruct the text from the recording. Proofs of this version were sent to me, but I was literally at sea, coming back from New York at the time. There are, consequently, some errors in the text published in *THE LISTENER* of September 24.

The great expert on the Negro question is Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, not Bruno Myrdal. Cardinal Glennon of St. Louis (not Cardinal Glenner) 'forbade segregation', not 'for bad segregation'. The case which decided that Negroes could not be kept out of state universities arose in Oklahoma, which is not strictly a southern state, but the ruling has been applied to the southern states, notably in Texas. The Archbishop of Chicago to whom I referred was Cardinal Mundelein.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

D. W. BROGAN

Art

Renoir at the Tate

By ANDREW FORGE

RENOIR'S sculptures are the figures from his paintings idealised and standing free. Two great pieces in the exhibition at the Tate, the *Venus Victrix* and the *Washerwoman*, were done under his eye by Richard Guino. Watching the younger man working, Renoir must surely have felt pride that his ideal should have become so real to those near to his work that it could actually grow, as though it had an independent life, under another's hands.

Idealisation, in art, does not have to be either academic (following formal rules) or sentimental (coldly exploiting warm feelings). It can be the modification of appearances by great love. In Renoir such idealisation is always active. To walk round this exhibition is to follow the gradual identification of his general love with one aspect of the world.

He was surely one of those painters to whom the act of painting was equivalent to actually making the subject painted. He was a heat-maker, a flesh-maker, a flower-maker, rarely a picture-maker. The problem at the outset must have been to discover a means of 'making' his subjects (which were to be of the everyday world, for there was not a trace of literary romanticism in him) in such a way as to do justice to his feeling for their beauty. Delacroix indicated one way: his lesson in the direct action of colour was remembered by Renoir for as long as he painted. Renoir called Delacroix's '*Les Femmes d'Alger*' the most beautiful picture in the world. Yet he was in foreign country beyond the point where Delacroix the dramatist took over from Delacroix the painter. Notice the '*Algerian Woman*', No. 3 in the Tate: the colour, the handling of the paint, even the drawing of the paw-like hands are in tribute to Delacroix, yet the face itself seems to reflect Renoir's consciousness of her fancy dress.

Courbet, Boudin, Monet indicated a more direct procedure; Courbet with his 'realism' based on the building up of objects in paint, Boudin and Monet with their intentions towards nature, daylight and the everyday.

During the 'seventies light is identified with Renoir's wide-flung eros. It vibrated wherever his glance fell, it warmed, it made things visible. It was never seen as a solvent of the objects on which it fell, as it sometimes was by Monet, but on the contrary as a life-enhancing medium for their recreation. Sun-filled grass was the deepest, warmest, most luxurious grass. Light was an invitation. '*Springtime at Chatou*', reproduced in the catalogue but unfortunately not in the London exhibition, is not an impression of a scene calculated and recorded by question and answer: it is itself a brilliant place, made like a bed.

What began as a wide-flung celebration of the world, as general as light itself, is later concentrated. In a sense Renoir had always painted as a sculptor—as though he hoped that the picture would become the real thing under his hands. His brush had always where possible moved with the surface of the thing he painted, coaxing it into being. See the

beginning of a portrait (No. 17) where although the subject is yet stated in the most general terms, the brush has begun to build up the lump of the head and has modelled its way round the shoulder, gesturing after the form even before the painter had decided the sequence of mixtures with which to make the statement concrete.

In painting, form can only be particularised in terms of its contour; this means that a particularising painter must think of his work very much *not* as sculpture but as a flat surface. Perhaps it was only when he had changed his style after going to Italy in 1881 and brought him-

self to use lines, that Renoir discovered the terms in which form moved him most. The form he loved was not necessarily pictorial; it had little to do with the give and take of flat shape and solid that works so potently in Degas. It was not a specialised visual aspect of form that moved him but the whole experience, a compound of memories of touch and gesture that blazed under the stimulus of sight. No wonder that beside Cézanne's *Mt. S. Victoire*, Renoir's appears generalised. His sense of form could never be contained within a sharp contour implying a single concentrated viewpoint, any more than it could be contained within the terms of Impressionist colour. At any rate by 1892 ('*The Woman at a Stove*', No. 23) he had begun to paint his subjects directly by their forms, allowing for



'Jean Renoir Drawing', from the exhibition of paintings by Renoir at the Tate Gallery

no translation. His art had reached its fullest and most personal state. His models begin to look more and more alike, and yet, confirming his personal triumph, more and more alive. His colour becomes more simple and more richly allied to his intentions. How moving is this later concentration of colour in which, as with a familiar material, the forms are thrown. Notice his intense feeling for the affinities of forms and colours. See, for example, the passionate lapping together of surfaces in what is probably the most perfect picture here, '*Jean Renoir Drawing*'. See the point where the child's hand meets the table and the fingers holding the pencil fold out of sight making a straight horizontal line; the continual playing of the firm and rounded forms of the child against the clear surfaces of the wall and table; the positive colour, red, orange, grey, of which every local modification is so wonderfully connected with the whole. The range in depth of the picture is very small. At no point is the flow from surface to surface disturbed. Renoir's sense of the picture as a relief has here taken over the subject.

Look now at the '*Seated Bather*' (No. 41). Form has become increasingly dominating, the figure has moved nearer to the front of the canvas. Whatever lies beyond is a base to her form; the hill and waterfall here are no more than an encrusted curtain against which to register the displacement of the figure. And at last, with the sculpture, the figure is freed from its base. Renoir is released from the single aspect and from the translations of material. He is making the whole thing as he had always wanted.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Oxford Book of English Talk

Edited by James Sutherland.

Oxford. 18s.

THE WRITTEN WORD has enemies enough. The woman will remember the message, the paper is now worthless and she throws into the fire the letter in which her husband tells of the new play 'Hamlet' he is writing. Or the tile slips and the rain falls upon the Livy manuscript. Or the sonnet is twisted to put curls into the tangles of Mrs. Milton's hair. Or the salvage-officer's eyes gleam at the bundles which will soon be tram-tickets. Words from the mouth rather than the pen have a battle incalculably fiercer to fight if they are to survive the centuries. How many words have died in the air for every one that lives in a diary or a book of reminiscence?

Professor Sutherland presents specimens of English talk from 1417 to 1949, talk which has, till now, defied devouring time. Much of the best in this book comes from the records of trials. We start with the Archbishop of York examining the troublesome Margery Kempe, getting no worse than he gives, and bursting out with 'Where shall I have a man that might lead this woman from me', before he falls to haggling with his good sad man about whether the job is worth five shillings or a noble. We hear Mary Lee (of whom 'it is well known that I was never the woman that spared my carcass') telling how, in 1725, Jenny Johnson 'comes to me at a certain place, and there we had two or three quarters of such simple stuff as we poor souls are glad to drink'. Goody Baker, in 1733, tells us, 'If I have a soul to be saved (as I hope I have) I made this cap for my child out of the tail of my husband's shirt; I double-crown'd it on both sides, and run it along a-this-fashions'.

We come down the years to Mrs. Lilian Balch, telling B.B.C. listeners about her summer holiday by the sea, how she and Daddy took all the five lads (Ted and Doug and the twins, Terry and Tony, and young David, the wee one) 'in the Fun Fair and I won a thing that was most useful, but very mediocre—I won a dripping tin of all things, but I'd rather have had something more romantic, such as a pretty doll or something like that, or a new powder puff but that doesn't run to that. They said "Mum you have the dripping tin—it's more useful"'.

Among the sixteenth-century protestants and the eighteenth-century journeyman-weavers and doll-makers and the nineteenth-century coach-travellers and coster-girls and poets and the twentieth-century sailors and airmen and Shaw and Chesterton and Mrs. Balch, fiction comes to the help of fact. We move from an extract from the tale of Beaumains and the Damoiseau Sauvage in the seventh book of Malory (the finest folk-story in the language?), past Shallow and Silence, past Christian, Obstinate and Pliable, past Mrs. Elton and Mr. Knightley, past the Proudie's at their reception, down to a brilliant piece of conversational invention by Mr. Henry Green.

Professor Sutherland is splendidly gifted with nose and ear for good talk and, if he is compelled to dilute nature with art, he usually sees to it that the art is exceptionally good. We should, surely, have been better served if he could have stocked the book with nothing but the genuinely genuine and excluded even the most convincing artefacts. But no one will wish away the Malory and Shakespeare now that they are actually there. It is, indeed, possible to complain that, even in the most unliterary

utterances, self-consciousness will break through—especially when, in these latter days, a B.B.C. microphone lingers at a talker. When Mrs. Balch is trapped into saying 'the boys were much intrigued as to what the paper bags were for that they gave us when we went on the steamer', the second half of the sentence vouches for the first half. But of the four B.B.C. war-reporters only Mr. Chester Wilmet sounds right; two lapse into the bogus and the fourth gives straight bad journalese. The late John Hilton's piece, labelled 'Calculated Spontaneity' would make an Ethiop blush. It is hard to believe it sounded right; in print it is nauseously arch.

One can find fault with a few things; they are a minute proportion of this excellent book. The earnest student who desires to inspect specimens of colloquial English over the course of more than five centuries will find himself provided with instructive examples. The less scholarly general reader will read from cover to cover for the pleasure which the book gives him. And when the book is finished, neither general reader nor scholar will resent the discovery that he has received both profit and delight. To either it might occur that the Clarendon Press could well decide that it is time for a new and different *Oxford Book of English Prose* and that the task of making it could be given to no better editor than Professor Sutherland.

The Spirit of St. Louis. By Charles A.

Lindbergh. Murray. 21s.

One autumn night in 1926, while he was flying the St. Louis-Chicago mail 'plane, Colonel Lindbergh decided to attempt the non-stop flight from New York to Paris. In *The Spirit of St. Louis* he describes, in some detail, the organisation of the flight, and the flight itself in an hour-by-hour narrative that is of compelling interest. From the beginning, Lindbergh was up against considerable difficulties; the chief of these was getting financial backing. Although a \$25,000 prize had been offered for the first successful non-stop flight from New York to Paris, to business men the risk seemed immense, particularly as Lindbergh intended to make the flight alone. But finally Mr. Harold Gatty, of the State National Bank of St. Louis, took over the financial responsibility and left Lindbergh free to plan his flight and find his aeroplane. Lindbergh tried unsuccessfully to buy the Wright-Bellanca 'plane which, the last time he negotiated for it, was owned by the Columbia Aircraft Corporation. By the late February his competitors were already making their preparations—Commander Byrd, Chamberlin, René Fonck, and Lieut.-Commander Noel Davis were among them; Lindbergh had planned to start his flight in the spring, but he was still without a 'plane. Ryan Airlines built the 'plane that he wanted—a monoplane with a single Wright Whirlwind engine—in sixty days.

When Lindbergh was ready to take off for Paris, accidents, delays and tragedies had combined to leave only the Wright-Bellanca near to being ready. First away, Lindbergh took off from Roosevelt Field, New York, at 7.52 a.m. on May 20, 1927, and landed at Le Bourget 33½ hours later, 2½ hours ahead of schedule. One of the greatest problems in building the 'plane, had been to ensure that 'The Spirit of St. Louis', as the aircraft was named, could get off the ground with the immense weight of fuel necessary for the long flight: the 'plane cleared the telegraph wires at the end of the airfield by

twenty feet. Everything had been cut down to a minimum to make possible the carrying of the heavy load which would continue to be a drag for many miles—no parachute, no radio; the barest of cockpits in which there was just an inch or two to move.

His account of the flight itself is absorbing and often exciting: the hours at once drag and pass swiftly, as they did for the pilot, whose writing is compelling enough to pull the reader into the cockpit with him and make him share the pilot's experience. He makes one realise the intensity of his loneliness in the hours of flying blind, when intuition told him how much to allow for correcting detours he made to avoid storms, and for possible wind-drifts in the night; and how dangerous was his greatest enemy—the desire for sleep. In these conditions man must get as near as he ever has done to a bird in flight.

The narrative of the flight contains flashbacks to Lindbergh's childhood and youth—the wanderings of his memory during the long hours of flight. They do not really belong here; what concerns one is the flight, that Lindbergh shall get there; although one knows already that he does so, since this is a relation of fact, not a novel, one suspends belief enough to know, while reading his account, that he may not.

More for Timothy. Being the Second Volume of the Autobiographical Letter by Victor Gollancz.

Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

This book is as remarkable as its predecessor for the candour with which Mr. Gollancz explores the growth of his religious consciousness and the consolidation of his social and political convictions. His mental vitality is so great that, during the process of this research, he darts to and fro among passing experiences, and even contrives to analyse the very candour which his personality has made him adopt as his literary method.

The effect on the reader is comparable to the bewilderment felt when trying to cross the Place de la Concorde on foot, during the rush hour; a slight sense of terror, considerable admiration for the expertise with which a hundred streams of traffic rush along, and over all this, an awareness of spaciousness and even grandeur.

That last is due to the fact that Mr. Gollancz is principally concerned with the quest for knowledge of God, during which he discovers afresh the nature of Love and its responsibilities. Out of that, he discovers the urgent and pervasive influence of political thought. For him, politics means the opposite of violence; the talking out of differences instead of recourse to war. Always, such debate (in which his enormous vitality revels) is the fully conscious expression of this universal power of love which alone can save mankind from self-destruction.

None of this is new, and he does not claim originality in his discovery. On the contrary, he quotes his sources again and again, bringing his own Jewish tradition and racial genius to supply authority, and linking it with his most bravely and nobly expressed faith in Christ. All these adventures of the soul, followed with a Chestertonian gusto, have brought him to the point where he has to proclaim himself as a pacifist, opposed absolutely to all forms of war and coercion.

This belief is a deep-seated growth in his nature, for while he was a classics master at Repton, during the headmastership of the

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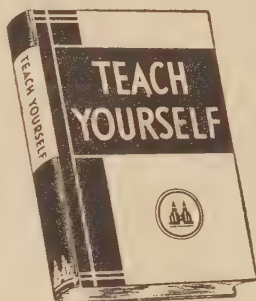
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present Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1916-17, he started a civics class, introduced the idea of tolerance and anti-nationalism, and founded a magazine which he was tactless enough to put on sale at The Bomb Shop (as then called) in Tottenham Court Road. The War Office objected, and of course the headmaster was forced to dismiss so radical an usher. What is again remarkable, is that Mr. Gollancz today condones that step, and fully appreciates the character of that headmaster, while pointing out that it stands for everything he has fought against; compromise, English-ness, good manners, class distinctions, ceremony, reserve. Here again, the candour of his self-exploration disarms the reader who may be inclined to criticise him for his exuberance, and his over-enthusiastic support for that modernism which claims that Jack is as good as his master, and that the tail shall wag the dog. These are matters of social conduct, however. The deeper issues, of conscience and the author's relationship with God and his neighbour in matters of crisis, command nothing but respect and even admiration. Here a Platonism merging into a clear-minded Christian faith conditions the architecture of a brave and resolute soul. He says: 'Plato is a poet as well as a philosopher. The poet is a man who, seeing something ineffable behind the things of this world, and seeing it as beauty, makes an effort to express it in words: in words that, even as they come, make the vision itself a little clearer to himself and to others'.

That is a memorable statement, and so is this summing up of a long discourse on education: 'By remodelling education so as to make it a means for releasing all those stores of spiritual and intellectual energy that lie hid in a child, we shall be doing more than we can ever do otherwise to render manifest that men and women are truly created in the image of God'.

The Hargreaves Story. By Frank James White. Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.

The autobiography of a crook is likely to be passed over by those not particularly interested in sensational stories of the underworld. But the present example has so much more to offer in the way of authentic detail than is usually the case, that it may be recommended not only to a wider public, but even to the discerning reader who welcomes knowledge of a somewhat uncommon experience at first hand. Here, plainly stated, mercifully free from querulous self-pity, and enlivened by a pleasing sense of humour, are the exploits of a swindler who, despite his nefarious schemes, very nearly succeeds in earning our sympathy. He succeeded, more than once, in earning for himself a considerable fortune. The trouble with his get-rich-quick devices, practised at the expense of a too gullible public, was that in the end they caught up on him, and he found himself once again in prison. He always had a run for his money, however; which lasted until he met and was 'carried away by some woman, neglecting everything to cultivate her'.

Having invented for himself the alias Eustace Hamilton Ian Stewart-Hargreaves, Mr. White, while residing in Wandsworth, then invented Cotswold Cider. Within six months of leaving the prison he had so successfully advertised the new beverage that it was bringing him in no less than £15,000 a week. The opening of his book is disarmingly frank: 'There is no such thing as Cotswold Cider. There never was'. To increase his sales he later foisted Cotswold Liqueur Cider on the public, at three times the price of the original concoction. That this met with astonishing success is not difficult to understand. Attached to the circular he sent out to advertise it was a notice which read: 'Cotswold Liqueur Cider should be drunk in great

moderation because of its aphrodisiacal effect'.

Apart from the interest to be gained by following the success and failure of Mr. White's various schemes—most of them perpetrated through the medium of the mail order business—there is the fascinating, if pathetic, picture he unconsciously provides of a crook, during his periods of freedom and affluence, endeavouring to establish his wife and family in good society. His efforts led to his actually becoming, for a brief spell, the Lord of the Manor.

It comes as something of a shock after having got to know Mr. White so intimately, to learn in a publisher's note that he stood his trial at Gloucester Assizes on March 17-19, 1953, and was sentenced to eight years' preventive detention. During his first sentence, served when little more than a boy, for stealing a vacuum cleaner whilst bailee, he took advantage of the library at Wormwood Scrubs to saturate himself in Russian literature: 'I was issued with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, in three large volumes. These I waded through with interest and amazement, and having come to the end of them I at once re-read all three volumes'. Reading the classics in prison has become a habit with Mr. White. This possibly accounts for his own style being much above the average for a non-professional writer, and equally above that of the professional 'ghost'.

Locke's Travels in France, 1675-9

By J. Lough. Cambridge. 40s.

Until the last few years we have lived in decent ignorance about the philosopher Locke. He was a great man. He was the founder of English empiricism, one of the important contributions of Englishmen to the world's thinking. He wrote the earliest reasoned manifestos on toleration and liberty, and they still lie at the heart of our political traditions. Enough was known about him to fill out a Victorian biography, and to mark him out as a man of truly impressive versatility; philosopher, scientist, doctor, economist, administrator, theologian. That is all we knew, and though we did not think of it in quite that way, that is all we wished to know.

But since 1946 all that has been changed. It then came to light that Locke had left so much paper behind him that it was going to be possible to get to know all. We have his diaries for year after year; his notebooks, the letters men wrote to him, the drafts of his books—his library lists, book markers, parcel wrappings. And the great engine of scholarship has begun to get to work on all this: theses are being written, learned articles published. One by one the big expensive books are going to be published, and Professor Lough's edition of his French travels is the first of them.

It is excellent twentieth-century scholarship all right. The introduction is informative and satisfactory, the notes are painstaking and give us all we need to follow the text, and a little more. The text itself is meticulously printed: Locke's shorthand has been transcribed and everything omitted has been signposted: it is beautifully produced, a solid, handsome book. It makes reading of the extensive sort—dilute: you have to cover a lot of ground to be interested, but on reflection you are occasionally quite pleased with it.

This book has the great advantage of being a full scale exercise in the ironical, for here was Locke at large in the 1670s in the very country which in the 1700s, all the 1700s, was to worship him as 'le sage Locke', the living spirit of Enlightenment, and yet no one noticed him and he did not expect anyone to notice him. It did not seem to occur to him that he was anything else than an obscure man and he behaved like an obscure man. He found his social level easily, made the rounds of the theatres and

the palaces, watched the royal guards at exercise, and wandered southwards to Montpellier, that home from home for English exiles in France. He made his money touting his wealthy English pupils around with him, and in particular the young Mr. Herbert, who, as Lord Pembroke, was to have addressed to him one of the most fulsome of all literary dedications in our language—the preface to the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*.

Here was the man whose writings were to destroy the monarchy of France going round Versailles like a tourist and noting down nothing but awed admiration. For all the time he was scribbling in his little notebooks what he had seen and also occasionally what he was thinking, not simply on France, but on politics, religion, and philosophy itself. Professor Lough has not printed all of them for us, and indeed the book fails of the highest scholarly purpose since so much has to be discarded as too wearisome even for the reader of a book like this. But what we have is a collection of information of great importance as a commentary upon the France of the *ancien régime* by the acutest Englishman who ever lived amongst the French.

Nevertheless it is hard not to wonder if Locke will survive many more books like this. His style is so jejune, and what he notices so material and conventional, so dull. His is the genius of taking 'infinite pains, if ever there was such, and when we get down to details with a mind like that, the tedium is frightening. He could only be a genius who could bring himself to fill a diary with table after table of exchange rates for all the European coinages known to him, or who could note down the precise measurements of the buildings which he saw, not in English units nor in French, but in philosopher's feet of his own invention. It does not do to look at a face like that until you can see the pores of the skin. It is not pleasant to think what the name Locke will stand for in ten years' time.

The Ermine. By Ruth Pitter.

Cresset Press. 8s. 6d.

Survivor's Leave. By Charles Causley.

Hand and Flower Press. 3s. 6d.

Miss Pitter's poetry falls disconcertingly between two schools. She is certainly not a writer who can be placed in the dominant stream of modern verse, or even on its banks. On the other hand the clarity of her style, the quality of her observation, the comparative freshness of her diction, lift her far above the kind of poet, often with a name, who is content to ramble up and down the well-worn paths that petered out before the first world war. Her new book is not, on the whole, as successful as some of her others. Here she is attempting themes too big for her language and approach, and she falls too often into the traps of sentimentality, anthropomorphism and lush, somewhat obvious, thought. But just as phrases like 'goblin gold', 'lovely as a dream', 'mistle-thrush was singing proudly' begin to weary, along comes a true and unobvious image to revive the interest—'when that light on the sea Dies in a leaden shade', for example, and 'ephemeral Blushings and whitenings of a wasting fire'.

The most consistently successful poem in *The Ermine* is called 'May 1947', a meditation on death and time, carried on in those modest country terms—a dead jackdaw, a rivulet, wild-flowers—for which Miss Pitter has a sharp eye and a deep affection. The book ends with a remarkable visionary piece where the originality of the experience and the sincerity of the feeling triumph over some rather banal tropes and words which cannot always take the strain. Miss Pitter has been a quiet and devoted poet for a long

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time and her best work is likely to wear a good deal better than that of many of her more fashionable women contemporaries.

To a reader surfeited with the sloppy, introvert verse characteristic of so many young poets today the first few poems in Mr. Causley's book bring an unusual sense of excitement and anticipation:

You must take off your clothes for the doctor
And stand as straight as a pin,
His hand of stone on your white breast-bone
Where the bullets all go in.

Mr. Causley certainly has some of the right ideas about writing poetry: his technique is crisp, his poems move and make a pleasing noise, and he is aware of what is going on in his age. But *Survivor's Leave* does not really get anywhere, and in the end the galloping metre and the repetitions and other tricks of the ballad grow rather stale—making, instead of being made by, the poem. For all the briskness and apparent precision of his poetical attack, Mr. Causley has not at the moment enough, or sharp enough, invention to sustain his excellent conception of how poems ought to go. His best pages derive their force from his experience of the last war: if and when he finds new experience of equal significance to him he may well prove to be a poet of some stature.

Mr. Causley's is the most interesting of a number of recent volumes of poetry in stiff paper covers at three shillings and sixpence each from the Hand and Flower Press. They have superseded the uniform shilling series from the same publisher—with advantage, for the poets gain individuality from the different covers and the absence of numbers to the poems. These booklets, though of variable standard, constitute a quite notable publishing enterprise, and they would be even more useful if somewhere they included brief accounts of their authors.

British Colonial Developments 1774-1834: Selected Documents. By Vincent Harlow and Frederick Madden. Oxford. 35s.

The object of this book is to provide a collection of contemporary documents illustrating British colonial policy during the half century or so following the loss of the American colonies. Some earlier documents, such as the Quebec Act of 1774, are included; but the book is not concerned with the American revolution and in fact only half a dozen out of 319 documents are anterior to 1782. It might with advantage have been extended to include the Durham report of 1839, which forms the logical terminus of the constitutional side of its story, instead of stopping in mid-air at 1834, a year devoid of significance in colonial history. Otherwise, as a source-book for advanced students this work could hardly be bettered, either in the selection, the arrangement, or the annotation of the documents printed.

As the editors point out in an admirable introduction, for the student of colonial history the period is one of exceptional interest and importance. Its principal features were, the transfer of the centre of gravity of the overseas Empire from the Atlantic and the Caribbean to the Indian and Pacific oceans; the evolution of the system of Crown colony government; the sloughing off in the commercial field of the restrictions of mercantilism; and the development of a large-scale emigration policy which led to the foundation of the future self-governing Dominions. Last, but not least, it was in these years that the Empire achieved that stage of maturity which, in institutions as in individuals, is marked by the appearance of a conscience. In short, the book is concerned with the process by which the old Empire went into the melting

pot and emerged refashioned on lines which broadly hold good to this day.

The documents, many of which are now printed for the first time, are grouped under heads corresponding with these major developments. Though primarily intended for the historical specialist, some of the questions with which they deal are surprisingly modern. Thus, to take a few examples, a letter from Sir Stamford Raffles expresses the hope that 'what Malta is in the west, that may Singapore become in the east'; a Commission of Enquiry on Malta's constitutional aspirations reports against 'entrusting any portion of political power to a people so signally unfit to receive it'; and British statesmen, not for the last time, are faced with the problem whether a seceded part of the Empire should be granted foreign or non-foreign treatment. The book concludes with a reminder, in the form of a report from the Cape Colony in 1834 referring to the local practice of 'keeping the Hottentots and the people of colour as a separate people', that the policy of 'apartheid' is indigenous to South Africa and not, as widely supposed, a recent invention of Dr. Malan's.

Some Main Problems of Philosophy.

By G. E. Moore.

Allen and Unwin. 25s.

This is, for two different reasons, an important book. It consists of twenty lectures delivered by Professor Moore in 1910-11, with some notes and a very short appendix added in 1952. Much of these, as Moore himself says, is 'out of date', so far as that expression has any application to philosophy; but this fact is of hardly any significance in assessing their value. In the first place, they make a considerable addition to the comparatively small corpus of Moore's published work, and any writings of so able and so influential a philosopher could not fail to be valuable. Moore is one of the distinguished few whose very mistakes are often more interesting than the meagre correctness of less powerful figures; and to those at least who have had no personal contact with him, the problem of how exactly his influence was exerted, and how it produced the effects with which it is commonly credited, is at once elusive and absorbing, a problem which ensures a welcome to any extended sample of his early work. And in the second place, as Professor Wisdom notes in his foreword, these lectures set forth their problems in a way which must force any reader, however confidently enlightened, to feel that they really are (or at least were) problems, not trivial conundrums or gratuitous confusions.

Starting from the question 'What kinds of things (do we know to) exist?', and from the view that 'Sense-data' cannot be a complete answer, Moore proceeds to deal with an immense range of philosophical topics. What is it to *know* something? What is meant by 'material objects'? What is contained in the concepts of space, time, infinity, reality, existence? What is it to believe, and for a belief to be true? What kind of universals are there, and what kind of 'being', if any, must be ascribed to them? All these topics are raised in the course of attempting to answer the question what there really is in the universe. This general enquiry is peculiar enough amply to justify Professor Wisdom's observation that Moore displays 'the pathless jungle before us'.

Moore's method here is that of relentless frontal attack on positions supposed (at least) to be plainly in view. He deploys in the clearest light every weapon that he proposes to use; he marks out distinctly every stage of the advance; and then he proceeds in a formidably straight line. In so doing he is apt to make an impression which modern readers must be careful not to

misinterpret. He sometimes appears to be a willfully unsympathetic expositor of other men's views—his own devotion to literalness and candour seems to blind him to the lack of these virtues in other philosophers, so that he sometimes seems to ignore what they must have meant as a result of misplaced fixation on what they said. But here one must remember that it is precisely such work as Moore's which has thrown into relief the tangled obscurity of so much vaguely impressive philosophising. If today few among English-speaking philosophers indulge in the literary tricks and curiosities of their less cautious and more eloquent predecessors, this is in part because Moore has shown how troublesome these are for the business in hand. And again, if Moore often fails in spite of his enormous industry to arrive at straight answers to his questions, this is one way (the best way) of coming to suspect that the questions are not so straight as they once seemed. We find in this book the most salutary spectacle of a writer determined to make himself absolutely clear, to put all his cards flatly on the table, to claim no solution where none is reached, and to be distracted by nothing whatever from the pursuit of literal truth, good sense, and plain language. An example like this, apart almost from any achievement, must have been and still is as enlivening as it is unusual.

Moore says here that 'the first and most important problem' of philosophy is 'to give a general description of the whole universe'; and throughout he shows himself inclined to think that the description offered by 'common sense' is, so far as it goes, much more likely to be right than any philosophical theory which contradicts it. The first of these doctrines is at first sight strikingly at odds with contemporary views of the philosopher's task; the second appears to be a more than half submerged expression of an important and characteristic insight. To trace the reaction of Moore's practice on his professions, to follow the thread from his early to his later views, and then on to the views of those he so strongly influenced, is a fascinating task for the historian of philosophy, and one for which this book supplies a mine of material.

Poetry and Prose of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Selected with an Introduction and Notes by W. H. Gardner. Penguin. 2s. 6d.

The latest addition to the Penguin paper-backed poets is a remarkable combination of cheapness and scholarship. The poems comprise all those completed between 1875, when 'The Wreck of the Deutschland' was begun, and the year of the poet's death, as well as several early pieces and a number of fragments. In prose, there are extracts from the journals, some miscellaneous religious writings, and a generous selection from the letters. Readers will be glad to find among these most of Hopkins' pronouncements on poetry, as well as the famous 'communist' letter of 1871.

Dr. Gardner has edited the volume with taste and thoroughness, and has appended useful notes. The indexing of the book is exemplary, and the reproductions from Hopkins' manuscripts most welcome. Less satisfactory, perhaps, in the introduction, which does not quite succeed in making sense of Hopkins' total personality and achievement.

In view of the lavishness of the selection, it seems churlish to regret the absence of a list of Hopkins' unpublished papers. This would have been of great interest, and even importance. Such lavishness, at such a price, can only be achieved at some sacrifice, and many readers will have cause to regret the somewhat cramped lay-out and the inferior paper.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Politics in the Home

CANDIDATES FOR PARLIAMENT have not always found it easy to set foot over the voter's front doorstep. Television is removing the risk of that kind of rebuff. Politicians are now being received in the front room, with open eyes. It means an important change, if not a revolution, in political technique. 'Public Enquiry' into food policy, from Leeds the other night, exposed possibilities which could disturb the peace of every reasonable mind.

Many viewers, it seems not unfair to say, were embarrassed by the spectacle of a former Minister becoming embroiled with a part of the 'Public Enquiry' audience. Judging by comments heard among those with whom I happened to be watching, other emotions were roused. 'Poor man! Why don't they give him a chance?' The episode was ominous for the future of political judgment, on which television is bound to have some effect. Many more people may be influenced by the personal appeal of candidates for political notice than by the claims of the parties they stand for. A risk which has been implicit in every election campaign since 1918 is likely to be considerably amplified by television. Precisely because issues of the day can now be visibly argued in front of national as against sectional audiences, electors may find it not easier but harder to decide how to vote and may plump for what has little relevance inside the House of Commons, however irresistible outside it. Or worse; they may decide not to plump, not to vote. 'Poor man! Why don't they give him a chance?' The sentiment in this instance was poured forth from female hearts, to which democracy has confided a large part of the voting power that shapes its ends. It is possible to believe wholeheartedly in the political sagacity of great numbers of one's fellow citizens while retaining the conviction that there are others who are likely

to prove too susceptible to the surface charm, or the lack of it, inevitably emphasised by visual broadcasting. Meanwhile, here we are, at the threshold of another session of 'In the News', which has done something to improve the public standing of one or two politicians and not much to dignify the political profession.

The democratic idea was seen in action again in 'The Floor is Yours', the second programme in the new series in which viewers' questions are answered by an expert who must also face supplementaries from a panel. The expert this

misprint stories was of little avail. Futility at times came perilously near to showing through. I propose that the next topic shall be the B.B.C. But not in half an hour.

'Painter's Progress' wound up with a flourish of presentation pictures which we were expected to enjoy in a fleeting glimpse, the producer apparently having thought that our interest would be exclusively in the recipients. Their prize-winning works confirmed that 'Painter's Progress' has been a popular series, a contribution to the civilised amenities. It was a good touch to bring in Professor Bodkin to give elegance as well as authority to the programme. Television cannot traffic too freely in the rare human quality called presence.

At the White City, floodlit, the cameras gave us the week's, indeed one of the year's, greatest television thrills, the superb accomplishment of our running champions in beating a world record that was hot off the tapes. Hardly had the news of it been given out than we saw our men meeting the challenge of it with piston-rod ruthlessness and racing home to victory as if determined to crown Coronation year with a demonstration of their finest powers.

A programme from the Battersea Pleasure Gardens had been organised for the purpose of leaving us no longer in doubt that there is nothing like leather. Pictorially instructive, it may not have made its point with every viewer but at least it reaffirmed the place in modern society of types of craftsmen which the machine is unlikely to sup-

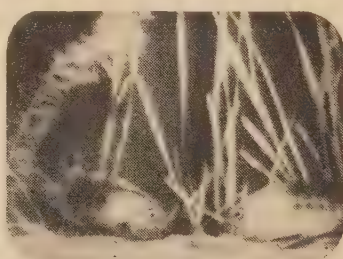
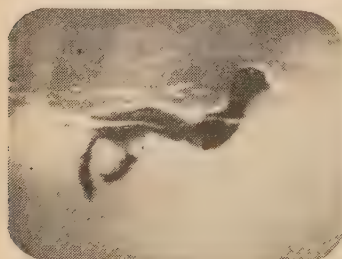
plant. The saddler evoked for me a sudden forgotten whiff of an occupational smell for ever associated with the Sussex market town which was the metropolis of my boyhood. A word of gratification, too, for Joan Gilbert's sheepdog interlude in her latest diary instalment. It was charming. There was more speedway racing, this time from Bristol. Televised speedway racing, wherever it comes from, can be monotonous viewing.

'Science and the Film', a gesture to the International Scientific Film Association's congress in London, provided forty-five minutes of



'The Floor is Yours—II, The Press', on September 25, with John Arlott (right) as chairman, and (standing) W. L. Andrews, editor of *The Yorkshire Post* and vice-chairman of the Press Council

time was the editor of *The Yorkshire Post*, W. L. Andrews, who is vice-chairman of the Press Council. Despite its own miracles of compression, the press is a subject too large for useful debate in thirty minutes. We were given little more than guillotined discussion of the sometimes intimidating questions that came up. It is a case for bolder planning, much bolder. If these programmes are worth time at all they are worth more of it; an hour would not be too much. The producer's device of interpolating obviously rehearsed panel comment and inciting the chairman to repeat the most ancient of newspaper



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'Science and the Film' on September 25—a duck's movements under water; and fish who fight only in the dark, photographed by the infra-red cine-camera. Right: two shots from 'Leather Parade', a programme on National Leather Week given from the Battersea Pleasure Gardens on September 21—an evening dress top of kid, and an Elizabethan buff tunic

Photographs: John Cura



'The Bridge' on September 27: Arnold Marlé as Jiří Karlín (left), and Alan Tilvern as Mikuláš Endor. Right: 'The Medium' on September 24, with (left to right) Rita McKerron as Mrs. Gobineau, Nora Ogonovsky as Mrs. Nolan, Marie Powers as Madame Flora, and Frederic Westcott as Mr. Gobineau

excellent television, some of the best we have had from film material and a further proof of the value of film to television when it is rightly chosen. Nearly all the extracts we saw, though too short, had something to tell us that we never knew before. Embellished by personal introductions from the various producers concerned, including one from Soviet Russia, the programme was informative and entertaining all through. May I suggest to the television presentation people that they should acquire a bit of the diving ducks film for interval purposes?

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Fair to Medium

IT WAS MISS GINGOLD who used to sing 'I'm only a medium medium'. You cannot imagine Madame Flora singing any such thing: she indeed, in the stalwart person of Miss Marie Powers, is the medium to end all mediums. If you feel like asking in the manner of the Sunday Critics, 'Are we quite sure we know what a medium is?', the answer is that it is a middling good little bit of musical grand guignol by Gian-Carlo Menotti, mercifully shorter than 'The Consul' (a poor man's 'Tosca') and likely to give an audience in a darkened theatre a mild dose of creeps.

It is a work which in its time I have had warmly to defend; it is precisely the kind of work which might bridge the absurd gulf that exists between the sort of opera which an English musician will enjoy (in so far as music lovers can be said to enjoy anything) and what the better kind of theatre audience will pay to hear. To the great disgust of the Bartók-or-nothing school, there still exists what could be called a Puccini public which shades off into a 'Faust' and 'Bo Girl' substratum; it is quite a small public and, like the army in 'Aida', goes round and round filling any gallery where cheap performances of these works are to be found. The piece of social surgery which is now needed badly is something to 'bring in' the vast amorphous public which will endure musical plays like 'Glamorous Night', because no one ever called it an opera, but, would be scandalised at the suggestion that 'Die Fledermaus', or even 'Figaro' had anything which could be amusing, let alone tolerable, for anyone who was not—the words chosen are—'an arrant snob'.

Menotti's music has much to be said against

it: it is dilute Puccini with odds and ends of film track stuff: but in its underpinning of the drama it is genuine *operatic* music, if of a low order, and when the middle-brow public discovered it, it was rapt in ecstasy. This may be painful news to those for whom even Richard Strauss is sugar and tedium: but it is sociological truth. 'The Medium' was also made into a film, and very powerful it proved. But do we assume that the great television public is now won round? I fear not.

The trouble about television opera is always the same, whether it is Mr. Foa or Mr. Simpson with Herr Ebert, on the job. The trouble is simply one of scale. What is meant to scare 'em in the gallery looks grotesque when it is being launched at you in your parlour at the range of two feet six inches. The expressions of anguish and distress which cause the toffees in the family circle to congeal on the upper set look just like farcical 'mugging' when you are having your nose rubbed in them. Menotti's swift, pithy little shocker lumbered along like a hippopotamus in the mud; grotesquely rooting at every detail. No one is to blame; opera of the *verismo* school with its people intoning *molto adagio, ben marcato*, such phrases as 'Good night now' or 'Close the window, you hussy' is a convention which you take if you want the rest of it, and reject if you don't. For the television public the question must have been 'Was there enough musical and dramatic pleasure to make up for the absurdity and *longueur*?' I fear the answer may have been 'No' in a million cases; with a few tiresome children adding 'Mummy, why do they have to sing it?' Miss Malbin sang the few snatches of really attractive melody very well. Miss Powers mugged and boomed most imposingly. But eeriness, so easily transmitted in any staging of the work I have seen, refused to materialise. This was a *séance* with every possible prop and effort of good will, which just failed to provide the goods.

'The Bridge' deals with another spanning of gaps: this time between the attitudes to freedom and knowledge of such various types as a Hungarian adventurer (Paul Whitsun-Jones), an oil tycoon (well done by Stanley Maxted), an American newshawk (well done by Harry Towb), and a communist fanatic (Alan Tilvern, who looked convincing enough). They fall out over the use to be made of a fleeing Czech scientist (Arnold Marlé, also in his way most plausible). There are, of course, loyal daughters with foreign

accents, languid mistresses, and even a gendarme in a cloak (in high summer) and beard!

The place was alleged to be an inn in northern France, complete with deafening bird songs, the wrong sort of telephone, and a waiter dressed as he wouldn't be. Still, the drama, after a slow start, did develop into a genuine battle of character, and it had some good meaty scenes which were vigorously masticated by some of the squarest jaws which I have ever seen in close-up. (The new 'take a look at that, you myopics' technique is spreading). On the whole, it made a very passable Sunday evening.

Saturday brought 'The Gang Show', which seemed to be being heartily enjoyed by the Boy Scouts in the audience. Naturally much of the humour was properly puerile. There was a burlesque of an American musical comedy which can hardly have been calculated to further the cause of international goodwill, but I expect the Scouts know their business, or code, or whatever it is called; there was also a number of music-hall acts by artists with whom we are growing reasonably familiar; among them Vanessa Lee, Tommy Cooper, the Two Pirates, and other inevitables. No complaints.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

You'd Be Surprised

IT WAS IN 'The Sacred Flame' (Home) that Somerset Maugham unwisely 'attempted a greater elaboration of dialogue' than he had been using. Here (so he has explained) his persons employ, now and then, 'the words and expressions that they might have used if they had had time to set their thoughts in order'. Alas, in practice, they talk like a bad novel. I switched on, then, without much hope; but long before the evening ended I was listening in astonishment to a play far better than Maugham's own final text. Credit belongs not to the author but to Peter Watts, who, in adapting and producing for radio, had cut away the superfluities and refused to let these trying people 'set their thoughts in order'. Thus 'The Sacred Flame' becomes a more exciting radio play (eighty-five minutes) than stage play (something more than two hours).

I had been waiting nervously for the mother's second act showpiece about 'the multitudinous

stars sweeping across the blue sky of India'. It did not arrive. Presently I found that Mr. Watts had shed such a falsity as Mrs. Tabret's trying little joke at a moment of crisis: 'People want their doctor to be like their central heating: efficient, but not obtrusive'. The second and third acts were telescoped firmly; and, by another long clean cut in the third act, Mr. Watts strengthened the drama, removed a singularly embarrassing speech for Stella, and helped the player of Nurse Wayland, the repressed, self-deceiving woman on whom the piece turns: Joan Hart acted her with strong veracity. Gladys Boot, as the mercy-killing mother relieved of verbiage, carried the climax: I noticed that, in her last speech, the impossible 'Let us cleave to one another' had been changed to 'Let us help one another'. It was a pleasure to find an indifferent play transformed; the evening should not go unremarked.

We had another surprise in Strindberg's 'The Storm', with which the Third Programme began its afternoon work. This, produced by Mary Hope Allen, is one of the 'chamber' plays. Its title promises a stern buffeting. Instead, the summer storm quickly subsides; autumn is in the air. We left the 'silent house' in the Swedish provincial town, remembering both an unexpected gentleness and the searching voice of Paul Rogers as a man caught up in the past. I was held in the past myself early in 'The Man of Ashes' (Third), André Obey's latest look at Don Juan: Pierre Fresnay's performance when the *Compagnie de Quinze*, twenty years ago, did the first of the three Juan treatments, still flashes in the mind. But the Juan theme might have a rest now: the newest version, though Raymond Raikes produced it swiftly and its preliminaries are ingenious, only confirmed my fear. Although James McKechnie acted the man eloquently, when at last he met the 'ice-cold virgin, Death', I could not feel any special emotion. 'There is rain in the air and a wet wind blowing', said the Watchman. 'Don Juan Tenorio has just died in Seville'. Very well: let him rest in peace.

Rex Rienits, who had taken the play from Rayne Kruger's novel, had a surprise for us at the end of 'The Spectacle' (Light). It was the least plausible surprise I recall. Throughout, indeed, it was hard to analyse the man who stuffed his employer into a safe, arranged for his own murder trial, and then—in a curious back-somersault—condemned himself by confessing about thirty seconds before a certain acquittal. In any event, one never cared a straw for the fellow, so his fortunes could have only a technical interest. The saving quality of this tarradiddle was the management of much of the trial, very well acted. Earlier, the narrator had kindly suggested to us that we could think of the play as either a picture of justice at work, or the story of a man's 'progress on the journey to his personal salvation'. The second alternative was the harder.

Nothing about Frank Sinatra, subject of a 'Close-Up' (Light) has surprised me since I sat at the Palladium beside a rattle-springing 'fan', and heard what the radio programme called 'squealing, swooning adulation'. No doubt Sinatra-philites—the name of the English 'fan' club—listened with enthusiasm on Saturday; it was all very informative, and in my ear I heard the whirr of a ghostly rattle. Finally, no surprises in the most recent 'Variety Playhouse' (Home). We are used to the furry voice and uncrushable good cheer of Vic Oliver; to Charlie Chester's buttonholing methods (his German election pun, 'add an 'our', would have warmed the heart of Planché); and to applause like a bursting dam. We found again that the wisest comedians never give a listener time (in Maugham's phrase) to 'set his thoughts in order'.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

From the Four Corners

RADIO CAN make a magic carpet for the mind in more ways than one. The mere physical or mechanical projection into one's own home of a voice or music from 1,000 leagues away is nowadays less of a wonder than the superb 'coverage' modern broadcasting can give to what is happening in far distant lands. This week I have been in touch with people and events in places ranging from the Inner Hebrides (through a talk in the Scottish Home Service) to New Zealand, and from Korea to Chicago.

To take the saddest contact first. Broadcasts, press photographs and correspondents' messages have familiarised us with the human wretchedness left behind by the ebb and flow of war in Korea. In 'The World Today' Mr. Lewis Waddilove describes the steps being taken both for the immediate relief of the people and for the permanent rehabilitation of the country. The basis of Korean society, the family unit, has been torn to pieces by the war. Families have been split up and dispersed, with its pitiful consequence in trails of solitary refugees, lonely and abandoned children. Mr. Waddilove, looking at all this with the eye of a social worker, thinks, and I am sure rightly, that only some form of social or communal succour can fill the vacuum left by the break-up of the family. But that a struggle which has been directly or indirectly, 'about' communism should have this grimly ironical result, was a phenomenon he did not dwell on. No doubt, when modern war washes over the institutions of a primitive society, what else can one expect but what has happened in Korea? No doubt, also, there are many possible halting places in new social structures between the family unit and communism. None the less, though the statistics Mr. Waddilove gave about Korea's potential industrial resources ought to have been heartening, they did not greatly hearten me. I am sure that, given half a chance, Korea will soon be bursting with all the good things we admire in the west. But, sentimentalist as I am, I cannot get those maimed and deserted children out of my mind.

It was a relief to turn to another small country in the Pacific where Progress has been neither made nor interrupted by catastrophe. Having an old acquaintance with New Zealand and a great affection for the place, I listened with special interest to 'Town Forum' on Thursday, when four distinguished New Zealanders, Maharaia Winiata, Geoffrey Cox, Sir Edmund Hillary, and Ted Kavanagh, answered the questions of a public meeting in Wolverhampton. On the whole, the Wolverhamptonians asked intelligent questions and received informative, and frequently witty replies. Was equal pay for men and women as much a problem in New Zealand as here? Yes, said Mr. Cox, equally a problem, equally unsolved, and equally insoluble. What about relations between the British and that remarkable people the Maori? Mr. Winiata corrected the common assumption that their relations were those of perfect and Paradisian harmony. Tensions certainly existed, but it was to the credit of New Zealand that the whole weight of public opinion was lent to smoothing them out rather than to accentuating them.

These 'public audience' broadcasts are almost always good listening and it would be regrettable if a slight contretemps which is understood to have occurred elsewhere in the programmes during the week were in any way to weaken the B.B.C.'s interest in them. This form of broadcast is highly flexible; it has many merits over studio broadcasting in coping with controversy, and it can 'get across' much information in very palatable form.

I have never been to Chicago, but after

Alistair Cooke's 'Letter from America' on Friday I felt I could just conceivably be, no, never at home in, but at least on safe visiting terms with that brash and roaring metropolis of the middle west. Some strange people dislike Alistair Cooke. They dislike his slick, immensely competent broadcasting. They distrust what they regard as his 'propaganda' for the American way of life. To other tastes, including my own, Cooke is still one of the greatest radio reporters of them all. He has an eye; he works hard to find the right phrase and intonation for the effect he wants. As for his innocent advocacy, if a man, on sensible grounds, makes me like a country better than I did before, where is the harm in that? How unerringly Cooke selects the right transpositions of his American scene for an old world audience which is often these days weighed down by its sense of history and destiny. After his account of the neon lights and clanging machinery, he did not actually say, 'Troia fuit': he merely remarked that Chicago would be finally remembered for its place in the works of some American writers.

JOHN PRINGLE

MUSIC

Novelties of Value

SINCE BRITTEN'S EARLY DAYS, no young native composer has enjoyed, or deserved, so rapid a rise to fame as P. Racine Fricker. In the last three years or so the list of his successful first performances and of distinctions he has earned here and abroad makes almost spectacular reading. His rise is the more surprising because he has never courted popular acclaim. Quite the contrary: many of his works have an uncompromising chilliness and severity which can hardly appeal to any but that dogged, purposeful, and somewhat hieratic minority group—the devotees of progressive contemporary music. Since I have myself been on occasion less enthusiastic than my colleagues about his music, it is with real pleasure that I am able to praise unreservedly his latest work, the Second String Quartet, broadcast for the first time by the Amadeus Quartet last week. Though indeed not easy listening, it should win Fricker a wider audience than he has enjoyed up to now. It is no less firm and concentrated intellectually than his previous music, with, however, a lighter middle movement of immediate appeal—a delicate yet crisp scherzo. The two outer movements present a tougher argument but they cannot fail to stimulate and attract any attentive listener; the closing pages of the final slow movement are singularly beautiful. This quartet seems to me not merely Fricker's best composition to date but one of the finest of modern English quartets.

If one sometimes thought of Bartók during it, it was of Berg that one was reminded by another notable new British work, by Alun Hoddinott. This was a Nocturne which Trevor Harvey conducted in an enterprising programme with his St. Cecilia Orchestra, a first-class chamber ensemble heard too seldom. In this cleverly constructed, rather ominous piece, the composer produces a fascinating fabric of sound which I would gladly hear again: it is a most promising achievement for a young man of twenty-four.

Mr. Trevor Harvey also included Stravinsky's 'Danses Concertantes' of 1941-2, a slender but charming work which slightly outstays its welcome. In any performance less sensitive and neat than Mr. Harvey's was, this music could easily sound empty and tiresome. The same programme witnessed the return of Frederick Thurston as soloist, after his serious illness. It was a joy to hear once again his splendid tone and phrasing in what was probably the first clarinet concerto ever written, by Stamitz, ante-dating Mozart by some forty years. Another clarinet work which is also

not very often heard, Weber's Quintet, was played with both brilliance and musicality by Gervase de Peyer, clearly one of our outstanding young clarinetists. The work itself deserves to remain in the repertoire, if only because of its remarkably beautiful slow movement.

Chamber music has been well to the fore in the past week for, in addition to the above, there was a considerable programme of works by Nielsen, the Third and Fourth Quartet, and the Wind Quintet. This concert was preceded by a thoughtful and valuable talk by Dr. Robert Simpson in which he rightly stressed the influence of Beethoven, especially in the Third Quartet of 1898. The Fourth Quartet of eight years later was, unaccountably, Nielsen's last essay in this medium. It has an attractive open-

ing movement with characteristic 'side-slips' in tonality, and a most winning third movement, *Allegretto moderato ed innocente*, which out of context one would ascribe, I think, to a French rather than a Scandinavian composer. These two works each showed ample evidence of the predictable and often original quality of Nielsen's mind. They were played with relish by the Element Quartet, while the genial, but to me less interesting, Wind Quintet of 1922 was given by the Dennis Brain ensemble.

Nordic composers, Grieg, Kilpinen, and Sibelius, made up the programme of the Friday Recital given by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Gerald Moore, the former singing with much of her customary artistry but not perhaps at her happiest in some of the songs. The Grieg group

was delightful—why does one not hear his songs more frequently?—but those by Sibelius were mostly rather dull.

Of the three Strauss operas relayed from the Bavarian company's performances at Covent Garden, 'Arabella' made the most successful and enjoyable broadcast, largely because of the lovely singing of the Swiss soprano, Lisa Della Casa. It is unnecessary to add here to the chorus of delight which has greeted her rendering of the title-role, except to point out that even without the extra-visual charm of her personality, her voice *qua* voice sounded of exceptional quality on the air, full and clear throughout its range, and always—one felt—with plenty of tone in reserve.

ALAN FRANK

Janáček: a Victim of History

By COLIN MASON

Janáček's Glagolitic Mass will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m. on Friday, October 9 (Third)

IF asked to give the date of Janáček's birth, not many musical amateurs, and by no means all professionals, would give the right answer—1854. We are apt to think of him more as a contemporary of, say, Vaughan Williams. For although he early found his vocation in promoting a national Moravian musical culture, partly through his work as a conductor and partly as a composer, and had some early works, including the immature opera 'The Beginning of a Romance' produced in Brno, he was nearly fifty before he finished his first mature major work, the opera 'Jenufa', and another twelve years elapsed before he suddenly became nationally and internationally famous when this was produced at Prague. He then had only twelve years left of a long life in which to enjoy comparative celebrity. His reputation stood high as a strikingly original modernist, and in his last years he was often represented at festivals of contemporary music, but after his death he fell into neglect again, and it is now the reputation that most of us know rather than the strikingly original music itself.

One of the chief obstacles is the predominance in his output of vocal music, all in an inaccessible language. The similarity of his musical character and outlook to Mussorgsky's has often been noted. He shared his interest in folksong, of which he published several collections, and still more in what he called the 'melodies of human speech'. 'Song lives by, and in, speech', he wrote. Inevitably, although he had not Mussorgsky's intolerance of 'pure' music, and left a few instrumental works, most of his energies went into music with words, above all into opera, where he could best apply his 'melodies of language', his 'little windows into the soul' as he described them. 'Real life is needed in opera', he wrote. 'Instead we get, too often, the melody of song and dance'.

'Jenufa', which is fairly well known, and now 'Katya Kabanova', have given us some idea of his operatic talent, but not of his range nor fully of the modernity of his style. He was capable of wit as well as of melodrama, and his later works often show an astonishing 'emancipation of the dissonance'. It is vain to hope for performances of the two later operas, 'The Makropulos Affair' and 'The House of the Dead', where these qualities are most characteristically to be found, but we can gain an idea of his later method and his originality of harmony from the Sinfonietta, written in 1926, which is now recorded, and perhaps still better from the Glagolitic Mass, which is like the operas at least in that its inspiration was in the music

of language. The Glagolitic Mass was a vernacular version of the liturgy that was in common use in the west Slav countries in the early centuries of their conversion to Christianity, before Latin became general. Rosa Newmarch has suggested that in setting it Janáček may have had in mind the forthcoming millennium (1929) of St. Wenceslas, the patron saint of Bohemia, who was brought up on this version. It seems more likely, however, simply that Janáček was given the idea by accidentally coming across a Glagolitic text in the church journal from which he took it. (His curious song-cycle, 'The Diary of One who Vanished', is also based on a newspaper report).

As a Glagolitic Mass the work is not in fact a complete success, for this text is slightly corrupt, and Janáček's musical accentuation of it in accordance with modern Czech pronunciation is also incorrect. But his imagination was indeed fired, and the text gave him, as the mass has always given composers, some of the same sort of opportunities as opera gives. These he seized, in the exuberant Gloria, with its bell-like effects, in the long and brilliant central interludes of the Credo, for orchestra and organ, and in the later part of the Sanctus, much as they are seized in most of the big, non-liturgical masses of the great composers since the sixteenth century, from which this does not differ fundamentally in treatment. The serene, restrained Kyrie and Agnus Dei might equally belong, in character, to any modern Latin mass.

What does distinguish the work is the exotic folk-like flavour of nearly all its melody, and the Mussorgskian daring and primitiveness of invention, and directness of expression, in much of the three central movements—particularly in the first part of the Credo. These reveal unmistakably the Janáček of the operas. They reveal too, perhaps more plainly than the operas, another side of Janáček. The beautifully worked out designs of the Kyrie and Agnus Dei show a composer who certainly did not despise the more formal aspects of his art. There are also recurrences of harmonic progressions carried over from movement to movement, not of primary thematic importance, it is true, but apparently deliberate. Most striking of all, perhaps, is the evidence of Janáček's originality as a harmonic innovator, more remarkable in a work of more purely musical invention, such as this, than in the operas, where there is always a dramatic justification for any particularly daring stroke. There are passages in the second part of the Kyrie and in the coda, including the Amens, of the Gloria, that have an almost Stravinskian

coolness and deliberation, and explain what Janáček meant when he said that 'harmony is the adjustment of the chaos which arises when a second chord is struck before the first has died away'.

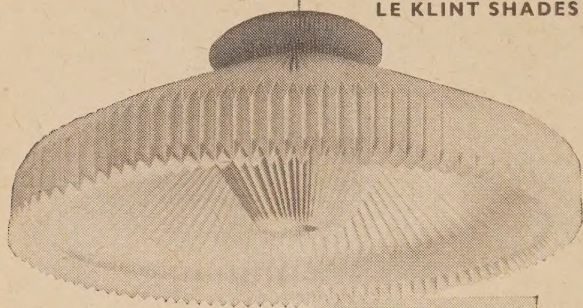
Thus, although no non-operatic work can be properly representative of Janáček, this Mass does in fact show more of him, shows an unsuspected power of theoretical rationalisation behind the Mussorgskian boldness. It reveals in fact not only a great and original nationalist but a pioneer modernist, and makes us, in spite of its one or two weaknesses (the short, rhythmically monotonous phrases of much of the Sanctus, and still more of the maddeningly repetitive organ solo that follows it in the score), wonder why his reputation, high as it is, is not higher still; why, in effect, we do not know his date of birth by heart.

Perhaps the date itself is the answer. Janáček was born at the wrong time, and in the wrong place, to enjoy the full return for his talents. His misfortune was to be born in Czechoslovakia so soon and yet so long after Smetana and Dvořák, when the nationalist wave had passed its crest. It seems that no nationalist movement will support, in any one country, more than a few talents, and certainly not a succession of generations of them. Born twenty years earlier, Janáček might have been indeed the Czech Mussorgsky to his predecessors' combined Glinka, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakov. Or, born twenty years later, he might have been a Czech Bartók, as a nationalist sufficiently far from his predecessors to discredit them, in an age of scientific folksong research, as misguided westernisers of the national music, and able to develop his modern harmonic ideas much further. Or even born in 1854, but in Poland, Yugoslavia, or Rumania, which all awaited, as they still await, their national musical saviour, he might have achieved his deserved success.

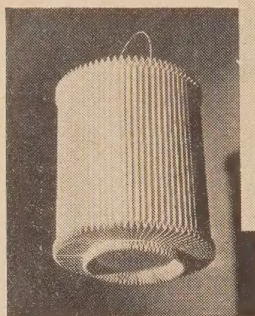
These may seem idle suppositions, but Janáček was not the only composer of the third quarter of the nineteenth century to feel the misfortune of falling, like those born between Bach and Haydn, between two very fruitful epochs in musical history. Of the composers born between Grieg and Schoenberg, only Debussy's claim to greatness is undisputed. There is no unanimity about even Strauss and Sibelius; and what of Mahler, Busoni, Skryabin, and Reger, all great innovators? They are, in a sense, a lost generation. Janáček's was an equal gift, but it seems unlikely that he, any more than they, will ever now know the esteem that it might, at some other period, have won him.

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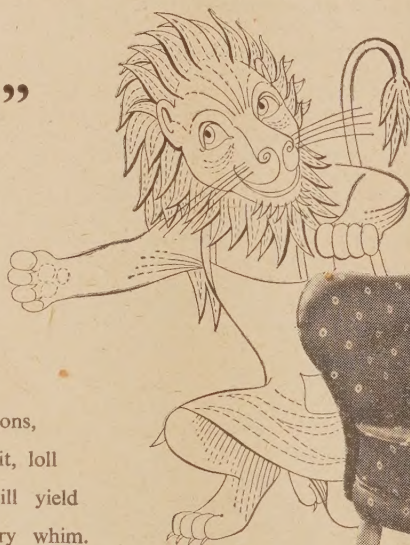
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

HOME-MADE PICKLES

PICKLES LOOK PROFESSIONAL but even a beginner can tackle them. You do not need special jars—you can use well-cleaned jam jars, preserving jars, empty pickle bottles—but the cover you use is important. It must prevent any evaporation of the vinegar during storage. I generally tie on a plastic skin—that is neat and easy. But you can just as well tie on a thick brown or white paper cover, provided you prevent evaporation by tying on over the paper a piece of clean rag which has been dipped in melted wax or melted fat. Metal covers can be used, provided they do not come in contact with the vinegar; if they do, your pickles will get a nasty, metallic taste. So line metal tops with several thicknesses of waxed paper, or pour a layer of melted fat on top of the pickles.

The saucepan you may use can be aluminium, steel, or enamel—provided the enamel is not chipped. But do not use pans of iron, brass, or copper. For stirring, use a wooden spoon or a stainless steel spoon.

You will find pickle making is usually divided into two simple stages. On the first day you may wash and cut up the vegetables and either sprinkle with layers of salt or soak them in a brine which is made by dissolving salt in water. This salting, or brining, draws some of the water out of the vegetables. Use block household salt—not the free-running table salt: that has been found to harden the vegetables. Usually by the

next day you can finish the pickling by washing the vegetables thoroughly to remove the salt, packing them into well-washed jars and covering them completely with spiced vinegar. Buy a good brand of bottled vinegar. The cheap vinegar sold in bulk will not contain enough acetic acid, and it is acetic acid which preserves the pickle and makes it keep properly.

LOUISE DAVIES

PUMPKIN AS A VEGETABLE

Few people in this country cook pumpkins because they think them tasteless and too big to cope with at one time but, in fact, as a vegetable they have more flavour than marrows and there is no need to use a whole pumpkin immediately. You can cut out only as much as you need at a time, for pumpkins keep quite a while after being cut open. Should mould develop on the exposed flesh, the pumpkin can still be used if the mould is scraped off and any soft flesh cut away.

To use pumpkin as a vegetable it should first be cut into pieces of a size suitable for serving on the dinner plate. The two best methods are baking and roasting. For the first, put pieces of pumpkin, dry, on the oven shelf, just above the middle. Allow about $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour in a hot oven. Much more flavour is attained if the skin is left on while baking.

A modification of this simple method is to place the pumpkin pieces, still with the skin on them, into a baking dish, flesh upwards. Shake

over pepper and salt, add a nut of margarine to the top of each piece and spear downwards with a knife so that the melted margarine will penetrate. Put about 2 tablespoons of water in the dish and bake in a hot oven.

Roast pumpkin is one of the best accompanying vegetables for roast meat, particularly beef. About $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before the meat is cooked, take it from the oven. Arrange peeled pieces of pumpkin, preferably rolled in salted flour, around the meat. Baste all over with hot fat and return the dish to the oven until meat and vegetable are cooked.

HELEN OLIVER

Notes on Contributors

LEWIS WADDILOVE (page 529): recently visited Korea to investigate the possibilities of relief work on behalf of the Society of Friends.

LEONARD CONSTANTINE (page 530): Minister of Norbury Methodist Church, London: was a missionary for nineteen years in China.

SIR CHARLES MORRIS (page 538): Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University since 1948; author of *British Democracy*, *Locke*, *Berkeley*, *Hume*, etc.

JAMES WELCH (page 542): Professor of Religious Studies and Vice-Principal of University College, Nigeria; Director of B.B.C. Religious Broadcasting 1939-47.

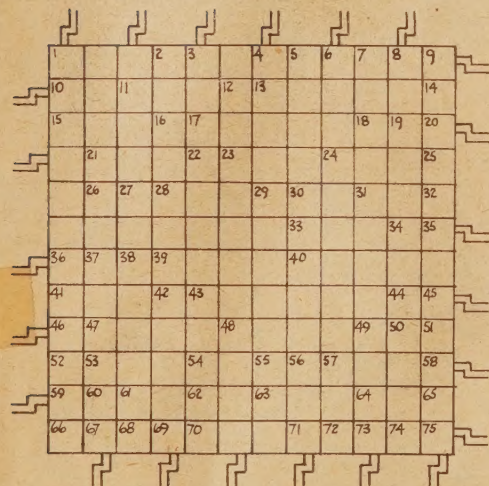
Crossword No. 1,222.

Aslant.

By Pone

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, October 8



Words are entered aslant, after the manner of the (1-75). The numbers denote the squares at which entries begin and end, some making one change of direction but not more than one. The frame has a pair, as solvers may recollect, previously published complete in the language of (50-71)-(34-32)—without a clue. But this, however rightly or wrongly purporting to form part of the unpublished papers of (19-12) (3-42), we boldly attribute to the same pen. Further, it appears in a more (17-15) state: it has clues

CLUES

29-27. Phoney start

57-54. Start

28-41 and 28-41. Photo-finish

Swift work? But save your indignation—we append a note on our contributor:

(19-12) (3-42): Notts-born, Cambridge-educated; alias (33-67) (58-62), collaborator with (42-59)-(20-40), anti-(39-72)-(5-22) leader; suspected (10-22)-(74-51) fellow-traveller by the (11-39); feared drowned on lone assignment to (26-24), returned (13-2) with the (58-35) (71-69) very fine (37-16); the girl-friend—farmer's daughter (46-61)-(44-47); first Englishman to make the (4-35) to (50-71)-(34-32) and achieve the trans-(10-64) flight by Flying Saucer. Works include (56-23), Land of the (48-68)-(43-55), 'Long (21-38) the (9-66) of (53-69)-(70-60)'. Commentaries on 'The (52-68) and You' by (30-34)-(18-7), (75-73)-(40-65) first to last, the (31-49) of Good Citizenship', (25-6)-(14-8), an inferior vintage', (63-36)-extract of processed (8-45)', etc.

Solution of No. 1,220

1	R	X	E	A	I	L	T	S	B	R										
8	I	M	B	I	B	I	T	I	O	N										
12	N	T	U	Q	E	C	S	N	S	T										
13	G	U	L	A	H	I	A	T	U	S										
15	E	R	S	T	A	T	R	O	N	Z										
17	R	N	E	L	L	W	U	R	U											
21	F	U	R	S	F	O	N	I	O	N										
24	L	O	U	I	S	M	A	U	V	E										
27	A	I	L	S	T	B	U	I	F	R										
28	P	R	E	L	U	D	E	F	E	E										

NOTES

Across: *1. Scoundrels. 8. Imbibition (hidden). *12. Tribo-meter. 13. Gula (Anag.: a gulf). 14. Hiatus (Anag.: a hut is). 15. Erst (Form(er) street). 16. Tron (Ton + R). *17. Toddy. *19. Nisi (Ni—si). 21. Furs (Anag.: Ruffs minus f). 23. Onion (On—I—on). 24. Louis (Anagram hidden (viscount oil). 26. Mauve (Anag.: aveum). *27. Underlings (notice the fishes-lings). 28. Prelude (Pre and clude). 29. Fee.

Down: 1. Ringer (expert shearer (Chambers tide supplement). *2. Christians (Anag.: Rich saints). *3. Unburdened. 4. Licit (L—ic—i). *5. Entraining (Plus et= entertaining). 6. Bosun (Boat's wain). *7. Strepitoso (Anag.: poter is so). 9. Bulke (Anag.: Blue stones minus no set). 10. Bchalf (B—half). 11. Tsarina (Anag.: a strain). 18. Womb. *20. Saw (was reversed). 21. Flap (F—la—p). 22. Rule (Anag.: lure). *25. Tre (reversed) (their eyes).

Code used is as follows.
Plain language A B C D E F G H I J K L M
Code O Q X L S — F M U — B C
Plain language N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
Code I E Z — T R N A — V — W —

The code will be solved if answers to plain and marked clues are found, e.g., if we know the answer to 1A is 'Scoundrels' we know S—R, D—L, L—B, as these letters are already entered from plain clues. Other letters can be derived from other clues, e.g., 7D and 12A will reveal that O=E. Three letters in the code are unidentifiable; these are C, B and P and their equivalents are therefore quoted in the notes to the puzzle.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss E. Leyland (Nuneaton); 2nd prize: A. Fairhurst (Frodsham); 3rd prize: C. A. Beechey (Pinner)

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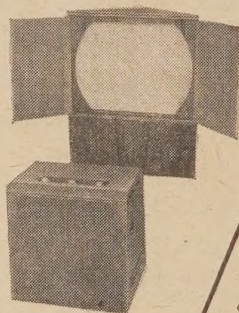
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